

The Howler
1904

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THE HOWLER

VOLUME II..... MCMIV

*Published Annually by the Philomathesian and Euzelian
Literary Societies of Wake Forest College*



Dedication

To Thomas Dixon, Jr.

a loyal son of Wake Forest

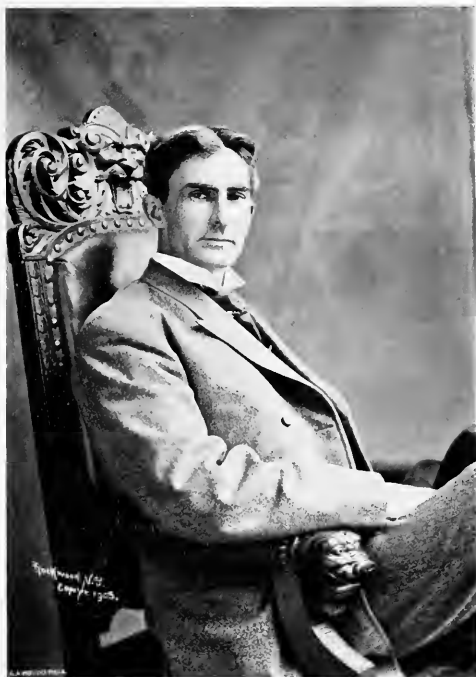
and one, who has won for himself laurels

and the richest honor

which an admiring people can lay at his feet

and for his alma mater

the admiration and respect of the public



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Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Thomas Dixon, Jr. was born in Sackett, N. C., January 11, 1864, and is the son of Rev. Thomas Dixon, one of the best ministers in the Baptist Church.

At the age of fifteen, he matriculated at Wake Forest College, and was graduated with highest honors in 1883. A year later, at the early age of twenty, before he himself could wield a ballot, he was elected to the State Legislature. After leaving Wake Forest he was graduated at the Greensboro Law School, becoming a barrister in 1886. Later, he was awarded a Scholarship in History and Politics at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1886, he entered the ministry and entered upon his first pastorate at Raleigh, N. C., in 1887. He was called to a Boston pastorate in 1888, and in 1889 to the People's Church, New York, where he preached to larger throngs of people than any other preacher in America. In 1890 he resigned to become a public lecturer.

Of recent years he has retired to his beautiful Virginia home at Dixondale, on the shore of the Chesapeake Bay. His purpose has been from childhood, to pursue a literary career—a purpose, which he has realized with consummate success in two novels, "The Leopard's Spots," and "The One Woman," the remarkable success of which has shown him to be an author of no mean ability. Of all her sons Wake Forest has none who has reflected more honor upon his Alma Mater.

Greeting

IF IS with a feeling of reluctance, that the editors see the second volume of *THE HOWLER* go before the public. We know that it is a custom of long standing to make an apology for every literary production whether it be necessary or not, and while our work can hardly be accused of being literary, still we feel that our readers will think the apology necessary.

We fall back on that old and time-honored excuse, lack of time. Hoary with age and battered by the abuse of much rough handling we hold it up again, and beg you to accept it as true. We believe that we can really prove this excuse to be valid.

The publication of *THE HOWLER*, was not determined upon definitely until late in the session. As a result, we were forced to crowd our work into a very short period, and leave out much, which should not be omitted.

Under such circumstances, we feel that the result cannot be what it should. Yet we beg of our readers, that they overlook the most glaring of our faults and pass by with a kindly eye, some of the errors which mar the production.

With this brief apology we turn our little volume over to the tender mercies of our readers, hoping that it will prove interesting, an account of what it stands for, rather than what it is.

College Calendar

1904-1905

August 26	x x x x	Beginning of Session
September 16	.	Application for Degrees Submitted
October 5	.	Subjects for Senior and Junior Theses Submitted
Thanksgiving Day	.	Holiday
December 4	.	Senior Speaking
December 14-19	.	Fall Term Examinations
December 20-31	.	Christmas Holidays
January 1	.	Beginning of Spring Term
February 12	.	Anniversary Celebration of Literary Societies
March 4	.	Senior Speaking
May 2	.	Senior and Junior Theses Submitted
May 13-20	.	Spring Term examinations
May 22-25	.	Commencement.

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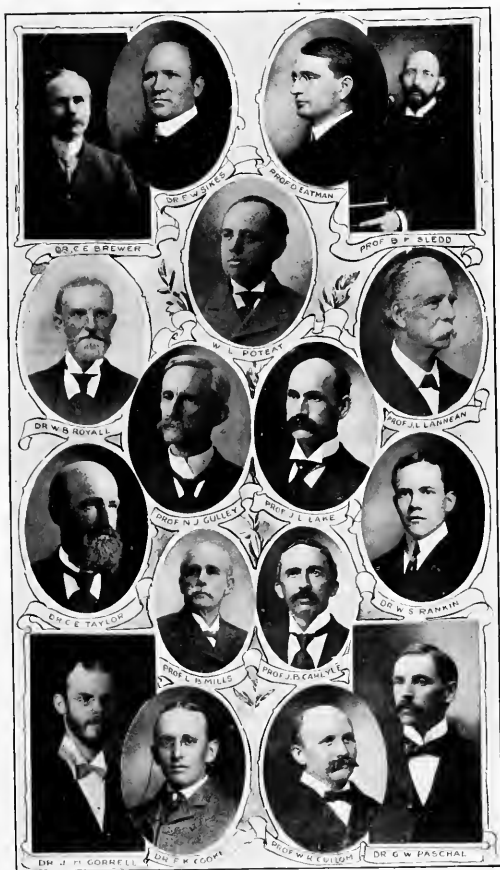
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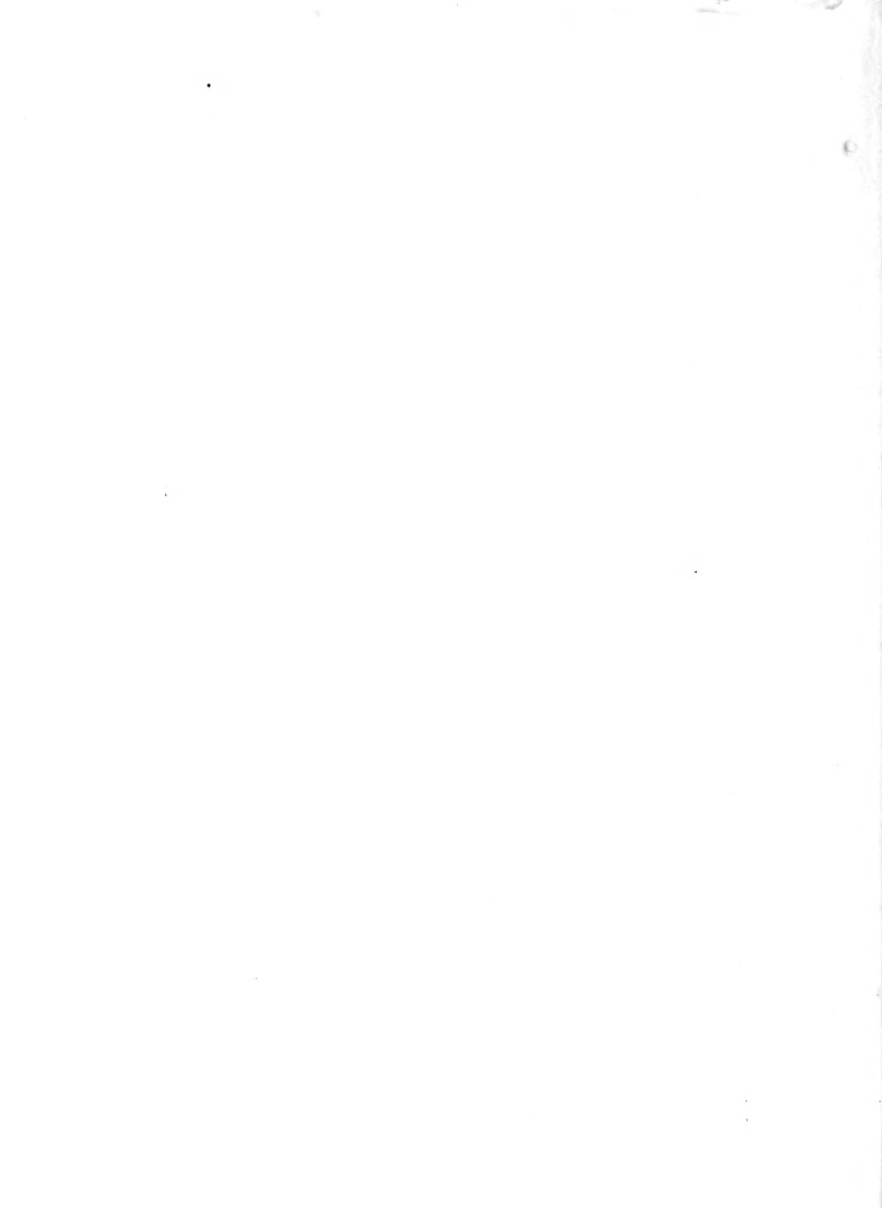
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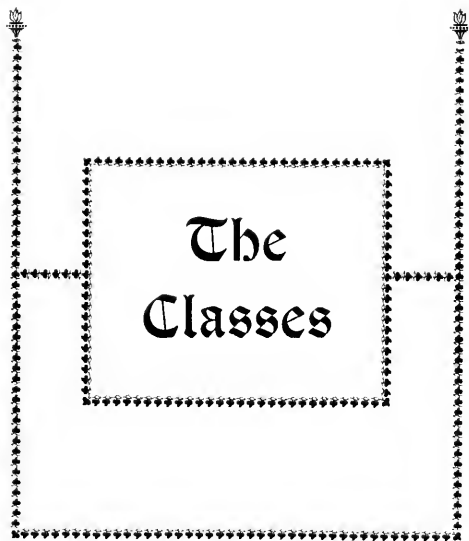
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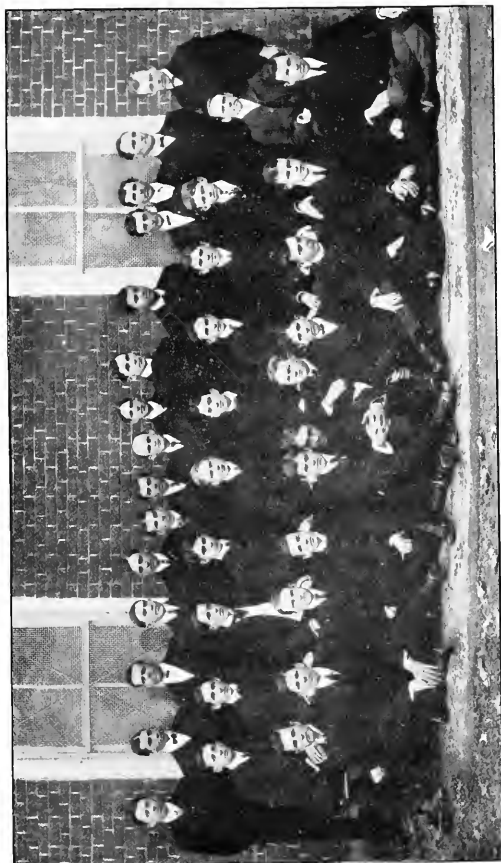
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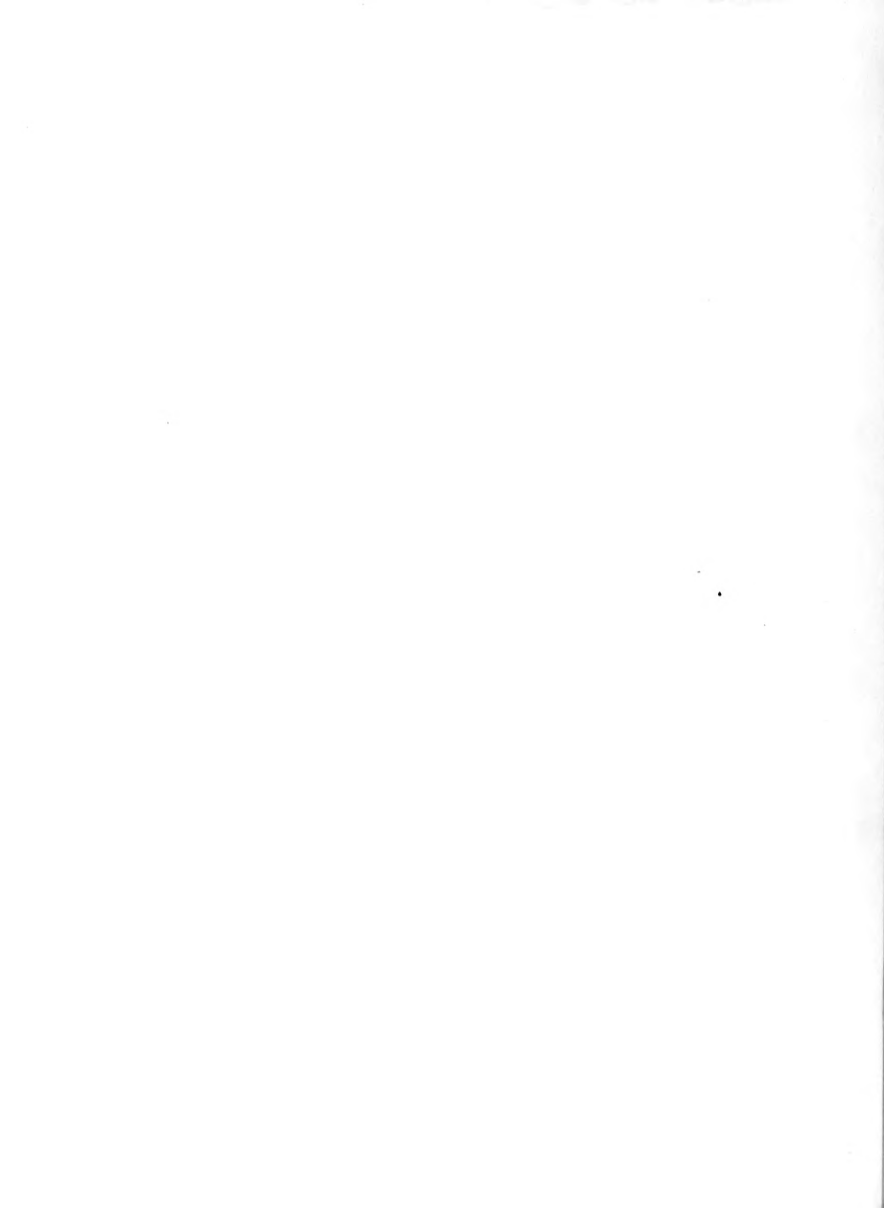
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BURROWS ALLEN CRITCHER

PROPHET



JUNIOR CLASS



Senior Class Roll

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
THOMAS ALLEN	Φ	Dillon, South Carolina
Age 22 years; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 135 pounds; B. A.; Law; Marshal Wake Forest—Furman Debate (4); Solicitor Moot Court (4); Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker (4).		
THOMAS ADDISON ALLEN	Φ	Wilton, North Carolina
Age 27 years; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 172 pounds; B. L.; Law; First Debater, Anniversary (4); Commencement Speaker (4); B. A.; Wake Forest, '03.		
WILLIAM WRIGHT BARNES	Γ	Elm City, North Carolina
Age 21 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 145 pounds; B. A. and M. A.; Ministry; President Y. M. C. A. (3); Secretary Debate, Anniversary (4); Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker (4).		
WALTER LEE BEACH	Γ	Lenoir, North Carolina
Age 30 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 136 pounds; B. A.; Teaching.		
WILLIAM CLAYDE BYENS	Γ	Goodman, North Carolina
Age 23 years; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 147 pounds; B. A.; Law; Second Marshal, Anniversary (2); Treasurer Class (3); Business Manager <i>The Student</i> (3); Business Manager <i>The Howler</i> (4); Senior Speaker (4).		
DAVID HENRY BLAND	Φ	Burgan, North Carolina
Age 21 years; height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 140 pounds; B. A. and M. A.; Law; President Class (2); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); Band (3) and (4); Glee Club (4); First Debater, Anniversary (4); Secretary Wake Forest—Furman Debate (4); Commencement Speaker (4).		
JAMES HENRY BOOTH	Φ	Cary, North Carolina
Age 30 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 170 pounds; B. A.; Ministry; Senior Speaker (4).		
ROBERT GEORGE CAMP	Γ	Franklin, Virginia
Age 18 years; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 160 pounds; B. A.; Manufacturing; Vice-President Athletic Association (3); Editor-in-Chief <i>The Howler</i> (3); Manager Baseball Team (4).		
JOHN HOWARD CAMPEN	Φ	Hertford, North Carolina
Age 23 years; height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 134 pounds; B. A.; Journalism; Third Marshal, Anniversary (3).		

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
GEORGE WILFY COGGIN	<i>F</i>	Palmerville, North Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; B. A.; Teaching and Engineering; Librarian (3) and (4); Band (3) and (4); Glee Club (4).
DAVID ANDERSON COVINGTON	<i>F</i>	Monroe, North Carolina Age 20 years; height 6 feet; weight 153 pounds; M. A.; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; President Class (4); Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker (4); Assistant in Latin (5); B. A. Wake Forest, '03. Highest average ever made at Wake Forest.
BURROWS ALLEN CRITCHER	<i>Φ</i>	Williamston, North Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 152 pounds; B. A.; Law; Freshman Medal (1); Prophet Class (4); Treasurer Law Class (4); Orator, Anniversary (4).
JOSEPH ROBERT CUTLUM	<i>F</i>	Weldon, North Carolina Age 25 years; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 162 pounds; B. A.; Ministry.
EGBERT LAWRENCE DAVIS	<i>F</i>	Conrads, North Carolina Age 21 years; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 154 pounds; B. L.; Law; Second Marshal, Commencement (3); Chief Marshal, Anniversary (4).
ROBERT R. FLEMING, JR.	<i>Φ</i>	Pactalus, North Carolina Age 20 years; height 5 feet 10 1/2 inches; weight 142 pounds; B. A.; Ministry; Secretary Class (4); Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker.
GASTON SIMMONS FOOTE	<i>F</i>	Warrenton, North Carolina Age 20 years; height 6 feet 4 1/2 inch; weight 145 pounds; B. A.; Medicine; President Class (3); Editor <i>The Student</i> (4); Associate Editor THE HOWLER (4); Glee Club (4); Manager Tennis Club (4).
JOHN STEGER HARDAWAY	<i>Φ</i>	Newman, Georgia Age 19 years; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 120 pounds; Historian Class (3); Associate Editor <i>The Student</i> (4); Associate Editor THE HOWLER (4); Assistant Manager Ball Team (4).
MITCHELL LUTHER HARRIS	<i>Φ</i>	Fayetteville, North Carolina Age 24 years; height 5 feet 7 inches; weight 135 pounds; B. A.; Ministry.
JOHN MILTON HENLEY	<i>Φ</i>	Sanford, North Carolina Age 33 years; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 125 pounds; B. A.; Ministry.
SAMUEL CLEMENT HOWARD	<i>Φ</i>	Oxford, North Carolina Age 22 years; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 190 pounds; B. A.; "Plowing an Ox Scientifically"; Best All-round Athlete Field Day (3); Laboratory Assistant in Biology (4); Senior Speaker (4).

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
CHARLES HENRY JENKINS	P	Menala, North Carolina
Age 22 years; height 6 feet 3 inches; weight 150 pounds; B. A.; Law; Superintendent Reading-room (4); Senior Speaker (4).		
HUGH JOHNSON	P	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Age 20 years; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 135 pounds; B. L.; Law; Most Popular Student (4); Vice-President Law Class (5); B. A.; Wake Forest, '03.		
REUBEN DWIGHT MARSH	P	Marshville, North Carolina
Age 24 years; height 6 feet; weight 150 pounds; B. A.; Law; First Debater, Anniversary (4); Commencement Speaker (4).		
PATTERSON LORENZO NEWTON	P	Casar, North Carolina
Age 25 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 193 pounds; B. A.; Law.		
BENJAMIN WINGATE PARHAM	Φ	Oxford, North Carolina
Age 20 years; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 145 pounds; B. A.; Law; Second Marshal, Anniversary (2); Chief Marshal, Anniversary (3); Vice-President Tennis Club (3); President Athletic Association (4); Manager Dramatic Club (4); Editor-in-Chief THE HOWLER (4); Senior Speaker (4).		
EDWARD DEWE PEARCE	P	Edenton, North Carolina
Age 23 years; height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 154 pounds; B. A. and M. A.; Law; Senior Speaker (4); Sheriff Mock Court (4).		
LELAND JEROME POWELL	Φ	Clinton, North Carolina
Age 27 years; height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 170 pounds; B. A.; Ministry; Senior Speaker (4).		
BURTON JUSTICE RAY	P	Raleigh, North Carolina
Age 21 years; height 6 feet 1 inch; weight 165 pounds; B. A.; Chemist; Art Editor THE HOWLER (3); Associate Editor THE HOWLER (4); Manager Track Team (4); Orchestra (4); Glee Club (4).		
JAMES ROYALL	P	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Age 19 years; height 6 feet; weight 156 pounds; M. A. and B. L.; Law; Vice-President Class (3); Second Debater, Anniversary (3); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); Richmond Debater (4); Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker (4); Dixon Medal for Oratory (4); Judge Moot Court (5); B. A.; Wake Forest, '03.		
CHARLES ALEXANDER SIGMON	P	Lenoir, North Carolina
Age 33 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 175 pounds; B. A.; Ministry; Chairman Nominating Committee Y. M. C. A. (3).		
GILBERT THOMAS STEPHENSON	P	Pendleton, North Carolina
Age 19 years; height 5 feet 9¾ inches; weight 152 pounds; M. A.; Law; Senior Speaker (4); Commencement Speaker (4); Secretary Wake Forest—Richmond Debate (5); B. A.; Wake Forest, '02.		

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
HUGH LATIMER STORY	P	Eure, North Carolina Age 24 years; height 6 feet; weight 160 pounds; B. A.; Teaching; Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3); Associate Editor <i>The Student</i> (4); Historian Class (4).
HOUSTON WINGATE VERNON	P	Wake Forest, North Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 11 inches; weight 180 pounds; B. S.; Medicine; Treasurer Class (4); Vice-President Medical Class (4).
WALTER MONROE WAGONER	P	Montland, North Carolina Age 20 years; height 6 feet; weight 154 pounds; B. L.; Law.
EDMUND FARRIS WARD	Φ	Lamberton, North Carolina Age 21 years; height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 155 pounds; B. A.; Law; Manager Track Team (2); Vice-President Athletic Association (3); President Debate, Anniversary (4); President Class (4).
CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER	Φ	Baltimore, Maryland Age 21 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 135 pounds; B. A.; Journalism; Law Librarian (1) and (2); Fiction Medal (2); Dixon Medal (3); Associate Editor <i>THE HOWLER</i> (3); Secretary Class (3); Editor <i>Student</i> (4); Assistant in English (4); Poet Class (4); Glee Club (4).
JOHN WILLIAM WHISMANT	P	Granite Falls, North Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 158 pounds; B. A.; Law; Chief Marshal, Anniversary (3); Richmond Debater (4); Orator, Anniversary (4); Commencement Speaker (4); Orator, Class Day (4); Glee Club (4).
WILLIAM HENRY WHITEHEAD	P	Timmons ville, South Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 3 inches; weight 132 pounds; B. A.; Ministry; Second Debater, Anniversary (3); Senior Speaker (4).
JUDSON WILLIS	Φ	Lamberton, North Carolina Age 26 years; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 160 pounds; B. A.; Law.
SAMUEL HILL YOKLEY	P	Lake, North Carolina Age 23 years; height 5 feet 6 inches; weight 135 pounds; B. A.; Medicine; Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry (3) and (4).

Senior Class History

THE fall of 1900, marks an epoch in the history of the world. With it passed away a century that has meant more for the progress of the world, than any previous age. It is with a feeling of sorrow, that we witness the declining days of such a prosperous age: for it is so much like the last days of a great and good man's life. That fall even the trees and plants of the field seemed to be mourning as their leaves faded, and their seed fell to the ground to be seen no more, till the old century had passed away.

But all nature provides for the future. The oak dies not till it has planted its acorn. To-day paves the way for to-morrow. Every century ushers in the forces which move the next, and the Nineteenth Century was no exception. Blessed with such a record of progress in invention, science, literature and men, it foresaw the needs of the coming age and, consequently, in its declining days began to charter trains bound for Wake Forest, and to pour into the college the men, who were to take the lead in the Twentieth Century.

The men who met the trains that fall, saw nothing unusual in the countenances of those newish; but there was something unusual in them. Deep in their souls, burned a desire to revolutionize the world, and resting upon their shoulders, was the responsibility for the progress of the Twentieth Century. They were to make their age what, indeed, it should be.

Meaning business and having no time to lose, they at once set about their work. Having learned that all the rooms in the "laboratory" were taken, they secured other places. The next thing, was to organize a base ball team. One over-energetic member of the class proceeded at once to take names of those, who wished to play. It was no trouble to get names. Soon he had his eighteen enrolled. But, poor fellow! his game was lost. When he attempted to muster out his team, nobody knew the men he had enrolled. What a cruel trick for the old men, to have enrolled under assumed names!

But ours was not a class to be outdone. We had been prepared where the motto was:—

"If at first you don't succeed—
Try, try again."

Yet we plainly saw that we must make a change or be defeated in our plans. In the meantime the upper classes met and organized, and we at once saw wherein lay our

weakness. Accordingly, a day was set apart for a meeting of the newish. By some means the upper classes discovered our intention, and when we met, behold, we were encompassed round about by a mighty army. But

"You must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime."

Our champions came forth, and a mighty battle followed, in which many of our men were taken prisoners, but the result of the battle was victory for the newish.

For the first time in the history of the college the Freshman class met, and after much clamoring for office, Jack Sprinkle was chosen President; Sam Williams, Vice-President, and Bob Dowd, Secretary and Treasurer. Having come to order, we adopted as our motto, "United, we stand; divided, we fall!" which we have clung to, ever since in classroom, on examinations, and on the athletic field.

That newish meeting marked an epoch in the history of the college. It meant a breaking up of the unwritten laws against newish unity, and since that time the rights and privileges of the newish class have been more and more respected. May the newish classes, which shall succeed us, remember that the comparative peace which shall prevail between them, and the upper classes in the years to come, was secured for them by the valor of our class, on the battlefield, in the fall of 1900.

Having passed through the kingdom of newish-dom, uncertain roads of which are always flooded with shoe-polish and often lead through dark caves where the "night-hawks" await their prey, we journeyed on to the land of the Sophs. We chose David Bland for President,

And started out to conquer the country.

The principal city of this land, located near the boundary of the newish kingdom, is called Wisdom. Finding it a beautiful city with a very weak population, we at once took possession, and spent the most of our time there. However, we were invaded many times by two armies, known as Critics and Professors, who have always seemed envious of the city, where we then lived. Our only wall of defence was Self-importance, and little by little, they stole from us our supplies, till we found ourselves reduced to starvation and compelled to flee to another land.

Our journey was dark, and uncertain. We were tired and hungry, and almost gave up in despair. Many fell by the wayside, and have never been heard of since. At length, we found ourselves at the edge of a river called Exam, the width or depth of which no one knew. But bright lights gleamed from the other shore. How to cross the river was the question. We had no boats, and were too weak to swim. To stay there meant to die, to turn back, meant cowardice and disgrace, but to reach the other shore, seemed to promise more hope of success. We rested a few minutes and plunged

into the stream. Some tried to swim too fast at first, became exhausted, and were drowned. Others, who could not swim, fastened themselves to their "ponies" and undertook to drive them across. Soon the water became too deep, and the poor little beasts, gasping under their burdens, rolled over and buried their riders under them. Others tried to swim by clinging to one another, but failed. But the majority of our host, who learned before how to swim, crossed over all safe, and found ourselves welcomed by a little more congenial people.

The Juniors, (the inhabitants of the new country) were very kind to us in our poverty and gave us something to eat, and a place to stay. We soon found ourselves in the town of Humiliation, and staid there no longer than we could muster strength to move on. With Foote as President, Dowd as Vice-President, Weaver as Secretary and Treasurer, and Hoadaway as Historian, we left the city of Humiliation, and by short cuts and rapid strides we hastened through the kingdom of Juniordom and find ourselves today marching under the flag of Sporty Seniors.

Since our Newish year, nothing supernatural has been accomplished by our class. We have engaged in many hard-fought battles which have cost us dear, both in men and money, but we are happy to say that in every battle "we have met the enemy and he is ours."

For the past two years, the world has heard but little from us. Our experiences during these years, have made the whole world seemed changed to us. Behold, *we* have changed. Our desire to revolutionize the world has left us and our now prevailing sentiment, has been already voiced to the world by the orators of our class, who have preached earnestly for "Evolution *versus* Revolution" and "Back to the Country!"

We have learned that growth is slow. Nature takes her time. We have learned that even *our* growth is slow. We expected to have been world-renowned before this, but alas! who knows us? In our anxiety to rise, realizing the difficulties on our way, we exclaim with the poet:

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steps where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

And yet our strides, have not been in vain. We are gradually attaining fame; for look at the men elected from our class in the Howler Contest—the most handsome and the ugliest, the most prominent and the most popular. And though this means much for the former two, it means more for the latter two. To be the most handsome of our class, much more of the whole student body, means fame already for that fortunate one. And we all feel complimented to hear that if those two stand for the extremes we are all nearly equally handsome, "such a little difference," says the ugliest, "between him and his opposite."

Having already reached these heights, what may be our future? We have much to encourage us.

"So much to do, and such a little done,
We leap for joy that life has just begun."

We are as re-set trees, which are now beginning to take root in the new soil. Our withered leaves are turning green, toughened by the storms of college life, and we hope soon, to begin to bear fruit to the glory of our Alma Mater.

What our future will be, remains for the Twentieth Century to show. Some expect to plead law, some to practice medicine, some to preach, some to teach, and some to enter a business life, while others expect to distinguish themselves as politicians, or scientists, or journalists or poets. In fact, everyone is launching his ship in his own preferred direction. Soon we will wave at one another our halloas of farewell, and sail alone, on our voyage of life.

"Oh Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep."





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WINGATE MEMORY JOHNSON

TREASURER

ALFRED HANDERSON OLIVE

HISTORIAN



JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Roll

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
MATTHIAS DARLING AUSTIN	<i>P</i>	Rockingham, North Carolina
SAMUEL WALT BAGLEY	<i>Φ</i>	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Glee Club, Orchestra, Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association		
JOHN ABNER BARKER	<i>Φ</i>	Lumberton, North Carolina
Business Manager, <i>The Student</i>		
STANLEY WALTER BENNETT	<i>P</i>	Marshville, North Carolina
THOMAS MALCOLM BIZZELL	<i>Φ</i>	Goldshoro, North Carolina
Secretary Law Class, Chief Marshal Commencement		
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BRAY, JR.	<i>P</i>	Woodville, North Carolina
WILLIAM L. CHARLES	<i>Φ</i>	High Point, North Carolina
JOHN WILLIAM COLE	<i>P</i>	Bingrle's, North Carolina
EDWIN WALTER COOKE	<i>P</i>	Louisburg, North Carolina
Art Editor THE HOWLER		
RICHARD DE PEW COVINGTON	<i>P</i>	Florence, South Carolina
Vice-President Y. M. C. A.		
ARTHUR LLOYD FLETCHER	<i>P</i>	Jefferson, North Carolina
Second Debater Anniversary, Associate Editor THE HOWLER		
WILLIAM JOSIAH FRANCIS	<i>P</i>	Waynesville, North Carolina
CLEMENT TYSON GOODE	<i>P</i>	Mooresboro, North Carolina
TIDAL RAY HENRY	<i>P</i>	Lilesville, North Carolina
CLAUDIUS COOPER HOWARD	<i>Φ</i>	Salemburg, North Carolina
JAMES DALLAS HOWELL	<i>P</i>	Tillery, North Carolina
JUDSON DUNBAR IYES	<i>Φ</i>	Pinchbluff, North Carolina
WINGALE MEMORY JOHNSON	<i>Φ</i>	Cary, North Carolina
Associate Editor THE HOWLER, Treasurer Junior Class		
THURMAN DELNA KILCHIN	<i>P</i>	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
ISAAC NEWTON LAPHIN	<i>Φ</i>	Jacksonville, Florida
Richmond Debater		
EDWARD LONG	<i>P</i>	Love's Level, North Carolina

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
CALVIN GREENE LOWE	<i>P</i>	Moranian Falls, North Carolina
PEARL DAMON MANGUM	<i>Φ</i>	Durham, North Carolina
PHILLIPS CAMPBELL McDUFFIE	<i>P</i>	East Orange, New Jersey
Furman Debater		
DAVID ALEXANDER MITCHELL	<i>P</i>	Net, North Carolina
HERBERT HAWTHORNE MITCHELL	<i>P</i>	Aulander, North Carolina
JOSEPH RAY MORGAN	<i>P</i>	Clyde, North Carolina
ALFRED HANDERSON OLIVE	<i>Φ</i>	Thomasville, North Carolina
Furman Debater, Historian Junior Class		
JESSE PARKER	<i>P</i>	Lewiston, North Carolina
GEORGE AMMON PEEK	<i>P</i>	Hodges Ferry, North Carolina
WILSON HORACE PRICE	<i>P</i>	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Secretary Junior Class		
JAMES DICK PROCTOR	<i>Φ</i>	Lumberton, North Carolina
President Junior Class, Vice-President Athletic Association		
JAMES ROBINSON SANDERS	<i>P</i>	Wingate, North Carolina
ROMULUS LEE SIGMON	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
WILLIAM WALTER STAFFORD	<i>P</i>	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
EUGENE ALFRED TURNER	<i>Φ</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Base Ball Team		
JOHN HENRY VERNON, JR.	<i>Φ</i>	Roxboro, North Carolina
Second Debater, Anniversary		
THOMAS LEWELLEN VERNON	<i>P</i>	Madison, North Carolina
THOMAS DUHART WALKER	<i>Φ</i>	Cochran, Georgia
Base Ball Team		
HUBERT LINWOOD WIGGS	<i>P</i>	Atlanta, Georgia
Chief Marshal, Commencement; Base Ball Team		
WILLIAM LUTHER WAALL	<i>P</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina

The History of Junior Class

TO write the history of the Junior Class, to tell of its toils and struggles to reach its present plane of intellectuality! That were no easy task. Besides the present historian is not well skilled in the vivid portrayal of past events. He, too, with the rest of the class, is longing to reach the beautiful road leading to Diploma. But you want the history? Take it then.

FIRST. When we began to walk, or the genesis of the Newish. Don't get it into your heads, my friends, that Newish are not born until they come to college. If you do, you will make a *reductio ad absurdum*. By "genesis of the Newish" we mean our humfuzzling entrance into this new world of wisdom.

It was in the summer of 1901 that Dr. Taylor called out far and wide: "Let there be more students, more, still more!" And there were more students—a varied and motley lot of us. From Peter Dick's Cross Roads, Jerusalem, Bear Swamp and Canaan we come. The parting from home was mingled with tears, rapturous kisses, good wishes and parental advice, all never to be forgotten.

On reaching college, we were humiliated by the "Oldishes'" gleeful cry: "Let there be Newish." And we were Newish—very fresh Newish, as we were told by the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. That was, indeed, a hard and stormy year for us. Forced to march like sheep to the abominable "Newish whistle," our witticisms and fine jokes derided, many were the perturbations of our mental equilibrium.

The nights were filled with many gloomy and foreboding spectres. Why this should be, we did not know; but we were continually haunted by the thought that

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."

Later, we were terrified to have the words "blocking" and "Night Hawk Club" whispered warningly in our ears.

Many and lasting were the impressions made on us that year. Our victorious struggle with the "Oldishes" who attempted to prevent us from meeting and organizing our class is a sacred item of our history. But we must hurry on.

SECONDLY. When we began to talk; or, the age of the wise fool! In August of 1902, we rolled again into Wake Forest. Our wings were now strong, and we were prepared to make the welkin ring with our sophomore orisons on

"Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory,
groans of defeat."

The superabundance of praises for our vacation speeches had swelled our heads and increased our cerebral convolutions. But ignorance is bliss at times, and proved so then.

But "let the dead past bury its dead." The Freshman year was behind us and we turned to new callings. Some of us increased our evil propensities by learning the "black art" and joining the "Night Hawk Club," while others grew wiser under the charming revival of the Newish's old stale jokes.

It is a time-honored custom that the Sophs shall spend much time salting down the fresh Newish. You may rest assured we did that, too, notwithstanding the fact that our hands were often polluted and our morals corrupted. The Faculty raged, held meetings, blotted our white pages of life, and in a fatherly way said:

"Not this way will you set your name
A star among the stars."

It almost broke our hearts to see that glorious year close. We had conquered the Faculty, won the respect of the Juniors and Seniors, and bidden farewell to many tough studies. But time keepeth not always the same channel.

"Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool."

THIRDLY. The silver age; or betwixt and between. And it came to pass in the fall of 1903, that we were again at Wake Forest. How quickly time has passed. Away back yonder we see dimly Jr. Latin, Jr. Greek, Trig. and Analytics—examinations all stood! We have shaken off the many Freshman and Sophomore delusions and follies, and are now basking in the warmth of an enviable sphere between the great Slough of Despond behind us and the dreaded Bridge of Sighs ahead. This new station has not been reached by a single bound, but by never-tiring diligence and ceaseless perseverance. The toil was severe, but our reward is great. We have acquired the cherished prudence of restraint and the intuitive decision of a bright and thorough-edged intellect—a courage to endure and obey. "*Carpe diem*," "*nil mortalibus arduum est*," we exclaim, and seize the golden opportunities as the world whirls on.

Alas! our ranks have thinned. The fittest have survived, while sixteen of our old stand-bys have succumbed, some to the alluring charms of femininity, some to the love for Weary Williedom, others to the pleasant requests of the Faculty to stay at home. Farewell, boys! I often think of you as

"Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me — ."

This has been a year of great inspiration for us. Honors have fallen to us in the ball-field, in the V. M. C. A., in "Fanne's eternal camping ground" of oratory, and in

literary work. Vernon and Fletcher interested a large audience last anniversary, one of our class is winning laurels in the glee club, another is becoming a professional twirler of the ball, and all are striving toward our marks of high calling. Only one more year before us! We stand now next in rank to the honored and dignified Seniors. The Faculty has at last acquired a tenacious liking for us, and we are happy. And we are to have a class pin, a beautiful gold pin—so it was determined at our last meeting.

But what of our personnel? Don't question us too far. Let's see. There's Mangum, who lets his rosy fingers play about his sweetheart's neck and knows nothing beyond his baby eyes. In passing, let it be known that he is humorous. Then there is magniloquent Fletcher, whose thoughts of fame are winged with flame and headed with viewless arrows of palaveration. Prof. Sledd's pet, rah! In passing, let it be known that he can write, too. Ah! Siggie, Siggie, we now come to thee—don't get breezy, wheezy, or squeezy, or corroding time will seal thy marital bliss. In passing, let it be known that Siggie has a temper. Last comes Austin. Oh, that melodious voice! "Come sinners, come," he cries, and we wipe our weeping eyes. In passing, let it be known that Bro. Austin has been inspired by the zodiacal light. Dear reader, don't worry about the rest of us. We are gentlemen *comme il faut*.

What of our future? Ah, yes! We have crossed the two great bridges of Freshman and Sophomore, and are now contending with a modern Horatius on the silver bridge of Juniorsdom. What the golden age ahead holds for us, we fear to say. Logic strikes terror to our hearts. The Seniors say it is *hard*! Alas for us! We are flooded with bright aims, hopes and aspirations. We patiently await the crowning year of our college life and long to be Seniors.

"Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far, no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dream to-day."

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class

Officers

RICHARD LEON KENDRICK
PRESIDENT

JOHN WATSON MITCHELL
VICE-PRESIDENT

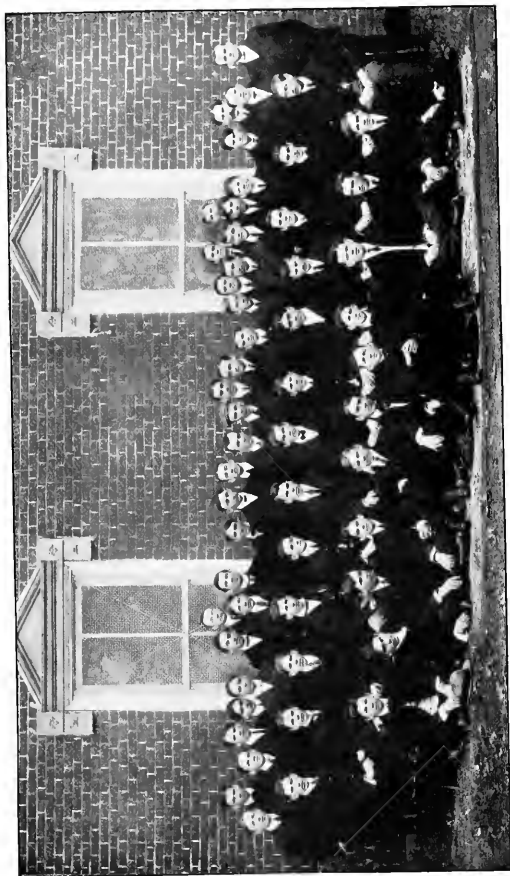
ELIJAH COX
SECRETARY

BEATTIE DEKALB McDANIEL
TREASURER

JESSE BURTON WEATHERSPOON
HISTORIAN

JOSEPH COLLIS PATTON
POET

OSCAR WENTWORTH KING
PROPHET



SOPHOMORE CLANS



Sophomore Class Roll

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
WALTER SCOTT ANDERSON	<i>P</i>	Denton, North Carolina
THOMAS BRUCE ASHCRAFT	<i>P</i>	Marshville, North Carolina
LUTHER EDWARD BALDWIN	<i>P</i>	Joppa, North Carolina
Orchestra		
HARDY FENNELL BRINSON	<i>Φ</i>	Currie, North Carolina
DAVID THOMAS BUNN	<i>Φ</i>	Justice, North Carolina
ADOLPHUS MCKINNIE BURLISON	<i>P</i>	Bernardsville, North Carolina
ELIJAH COX	<i>Φ</i>	Catharine Lake, North Carolina
Secretary Sophomore Class		
WILLIAM WALTER COX	<i>Φ</i>	Goldsboro, North Carolina
KADER RANDOLPH CURTIS	<i>Φ</i>	Ahoskie, North Carolina
MARION LESLIE DAVIS	<i>Φ</i>	Beaufort, North Carolina
President Y. M. C. A., Chief Marshal Anniversary, Glee Club		
WALTER DEATON	<i>Φ</i>	Antler, North Carolina
ELLIOT BRANTLEY EARNSHAW	<i>P</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina
GORDON RARY EDWARDS	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
SLOCOME RUPERT EDWARDS	<i>Φ</i>	Siler City, North Carolina
Captain Base Ball Team		
GEORGE RANSOM FAIRCLOTH	<i>Φ</i>	Thomas, North Carolina
RUFUS FORD, JR.	<i>Φ</i>	Bennettsville, South Carolina
MORTIMER ELLIOTT FORREST	<i>P</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina
JOHN BOYD FORT	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
BYRD PLEASANT GENTRY	<i>P</i>	Bethel Hill, North Carolina
GEORGE THOMAS GOODWYN	<i>Φ</i>	Laurinburg, North Carolina
Base Ball Team		
JAMES IRA GRIFFEN	<i>Φ</i>	Woodland, North Carolina
DONALD GULLEY	Wake Forest, North Carolina
THOMAS GULLEY	<i>Φ</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
GROVER CLEVELAND HAMRICK	<i>I'</i>	Shelby, North Carolina
Third Marshal, Anniversary; Base Ball Team		
SPURGEON ARD HAMRICK	<i>I'</i>	Shelby, North Carolina
LUTHER DUKE HARPER	<i>I'</i>	Elm City, North Carolina
Second Marshal, Anniversary		
CHARLES SCOTT HARRIS	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
DAVID BROOKS HARWELL	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Second Marshal, Anniversary		
DODSON FREDERICK HARWELL	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
JAMES HOOVER HENLEY	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
BENJAMIN THOMAS HOLDING	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
WILLIAM JOHN HOPE	ϕ	Pocomoke City, Maryland
FREDERICK LAFAYETTE HUFEMAN	<i>I'</i>	Morganton, North Carolina
LINTON JACKSON	ϕ	Dillon, South Carolina
HERBERT JENKINS	<i>I'</i>	Menola, North Carolina
JOSEPHUS CARFY JONES	<i>I'</i>	Adair, North Carolina
EDWIN BRUCE JOREY	<i>I'</i>	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
VALLIE JOYNER	<i>I'</i>	Woodland, North Carolina
GEORGE WASHINGTON JUSTICE	ϕ	Hendersonville, North Carolina
RICHARD LEON KENDRICK	ϕ	Rock Hill, South Carolina
President Sophomore Class, Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A.		
OSCAR WENIWORTH KING	ϕ	Wilmington, North Carolina
Prophet Sophomore Class, Secretary Medical Class, Glee Club, Orchestra		
Base Ball Team		
CHARLES ALEXANDER LEONARD	<i>I'</i>	Statesville, North Carolina
Glee Club		
ARTHUR FORRESTER LIDE	ϕ	Darlington, South Carolina
CARL RABY LIVERMON	<i>I'</i>	Roxobel, North Carolina
RICHARD H. LUCAS	ϕ	Plymouth, North Carolina
MARTIN LUTHER MATTHEWS	<i>I'</i>	Timmansville, South Carolina
CLAUDE BERNARD McBRAYER	<i>I'</i>	Shelby, North Carolina
JESSE McCARTER	ϕ	Stinnett, Tennessee
BEATHIE DeKALB McDANIEL	<i>I'</i>	King's Mountain, North Carolina
Treasurer Sophomore Class, Glee Club, Marshal Wake Forest, Furman Debater		
JOHN WATSON MITCHELL	<i>I'</i>	Winton, North Carolina
Vice-President Sophomore Class		

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
PAUL HAYNE MITCHELL	<i>P</i>	Ahoskie, North Carolina
LYOYD ARCHIE PARKER	<i>P</i>	Menola, North Carolina
JOSEPH COLLIS PATTON	<i>P</i>	Morganton, North Carolina
Poet Sophomore Class		
JOHN MONROE PICOE	<i>P</i>	Littleton, North Carolina
WILLIAM DOWD POE	ϕ	Pittsboro, North Carolina
HUBERT McNEILL POLEAT	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Glee Club, Orchestra, President Tennis Club		
BRUCE LEONIDAS POWERS	ϕ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Second Marshal Commencement, Glee Club, Orchestra		
WILLIAM CECIL PULLEY	<i>P</i>	Eagle Rock, North Carolina
VAULIE CONWAY RAY	<i>P</i>	Bangor, North Carolina
FRANK SUMNER ROSS	ϕ	Wilson's Store, North Carolina
WILLIAM LANKFORD ROYALL	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
EDWIN FEREEFE SHAW	<i>P</i>	Henderson, North Carolina
OSCAR JENNINGS SIKES	<i>P</i>	Monroe, North Carolina
CARL RAY SMITH	<i>P</i>	Timmonsville, South Carolina
Second Marshal Commencement		
JOSEPH PAYNE SNEAD	<i>P</i>	Fork Union, Virginia
JAMES HENRY SPAULDING	<i>P</i>	Eure, North Carolina
WILLIAM PAUL SPEAS	<i>P</i>	Huntsville, North Carolina
GEORGE JONES SPENCE	ϕ	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
Associate Editor THE HOWLER, Historian Law Class		
THOMAS EALON SWANN	<i>P</i>	Cool Spring, North Carolina
UNUS EDGAR SWANN	<i>P</i>	Cool Spring, North Carolina
JOHN BOYCE TALBERT	<i>P</i>	Concord, North Carolina
CORNELIUS TATE TEW	ϕ	Clinton, North Carolina
GEORGE MARSHALL TRAMMELL	<i>P</i>	Greenwood, South Carolina
Orchestra		
HEBER JONES VANN	<i>P</i>	Como, North Carolina
Base Ball Team		
JOSEPH NEWSOME VANN	<i>P</i>	Union, North Carolina
JAMES MALON VAUGHAN	<i>P</i>	Flint, North Carolina
JESSE BERTON WEATHERSPOON	ϕ	Durham, North Carolina
Historian Sophomore Class		
THOMAS GIDEON WOOD	<i>P</i>	Aulander, North Carolina

Sophomore Class History

AT the opening of the fall term of 1902 Wake Forest College witnessed no more remarkable event than the coming of the present Sophomore Class.

Many of us came fresh from the High School expecting to be the centre of attraction or looked upon as men endowed with much wisdom, but alas! how our feathers fell when we found that we were nothing but insignificant "Newish," compelled to endure the thousand natural shocks Newish are heir to, to submit to the most inhuman and cruel jokes, and, above all, to keep step to that well known "Newish whistle."

We were told to be humble and immediately began to read David Copperfield to get lessons from Uriah Heep, but despite ourselves we would try to rise above our station and then would come the dreadful task of washing the polish off.

For nine long months the "Sophs" gave us instructions in the way we were to bring up the Newish when we should inherit the honorable title of Sophomores. Then we were released from bondage and allowed a three months' vacation in which to rid ourselves of all Newish habits and formulate our plans for 1903-1904.

Vacation soon passed and we found ourselves again at Wake Forest ready to enter upon our career as Sophomores.

Our first duty was to keep guard over the Newish until they should become acclimated. We expected to have a hard time with them, but were disappointed. The Faculty made few protests and the Newish were as meek as lambs and harmless as doves. We polished them until they got used to that, then we hit upon another scheme. They needed to be "seasoned," (they were so green) so we tried holding them over smoking piles of leaves. This worked like a charm. They at once became quiet and have furnished us very little trouble since. The "Sophs" last year thought they had an excellent corps of "Night Hawks" but John Mitchell, "Dr." Lucas, "Ted" Shaw and "Big" Cox can't be beat when it comes to "smuttin' Newish."

The Newish conquered, our minds naturally turned to something higher as they couldn't turn to anything lower, and many of us have become famous.

"Gid" Wood, George Goodwyn, Ray Smith and "Dick" Kendrick decided to devote a part of their time to their text-books, hoping to get a "leg" on the Faculty, but failing in this, they joined "Dr." Lucas in the "Boring Club." 'Twas not long before their friends learned to say:

"Again I hear that creaking step;
 He's knocking at the door;
 Too well I know the hoding sound
 That ushers in a bore.
 I do not tremble when I meet
 The stoutest of my foes,
 But Heaven defend me from the friend
 Who comes—but never goes."

Often we read the entire poem to our visitors, expecting them to take a hint, but away they would go "cussin'" bores, but they "never went."

But how glad are we that all did not take this road to prominence! "Red" Spence and "Mort" Forrest are noted for their patriotism. When they walk together, with their heads bare,

"Old-gold-and-black-is-ever-waving-high."

Jo Patton tried writing poetry, but he found that would take too much brain work, so he sought fame by catching diseases and dealing them free to his friends. He began with measles, which afflicted several Newish (signs of bad company), continued with mumps, which did its work well, followed with tonsilitus, and King, our prophet, predicts that he will end with small pox.

As for orators, Parker, Patton and Speas are great.

"They expound lofty motives and aims
 With sentences long
 And arguments strong
 And the most unpronounceable names,"

But, however lofty and true they may aim, they can't touch McCarter with his delivery, which, at times, is very "volcanic."

We have also won fame by our musical talent. Hubert Poteat, the leader of the Glee Club, is an "all-round musician." When he makes an attack on a piano we are reminded of "How Ruby Played." King, Powers and McDaniel supply the Glee Club with other necessary thunder, while Leonard, Baldwin and Trammell also play a conspicuous part in the Glee Club and Orchestra.

Josey is the mathematician of the class. He has learned Napier's "rule of thumb," and is now speeding his way through Analytics—on a pony.

Among our boys from South Carolina Kendrick, our President, figures prominently. He is South Carolina's "strong man." Jackson, the speaker, is continually spouting what used to be called oratory, but is now termed bor(c)atory. Lide, the lawyer, is Prof. Gulley's rival when it comes to law (?), and Matthews, the barber, is a typical South Carolinian. He always tries to use "something sharp."

When we opened our stocking on Christmas morning it looked rather lank, and we feared that Santa Claus had forgotten his duty in regard to our class. But presently we heard a series of unmistakable squalls, and on examining the toe carefully, we found

"Christmas Gift, Trammell." At first we were awfully disappointed, but our Christmas gift immediately began to make up in quality what he lacked in quantity, and has succeeded in being elected the freshest man in college, so we guess Santa Claus did the best he could.

Without doubt, we are the most remarkable Sophomore Class that ever sanctioned hazing. We do not go to extremes. By the exhortation of McCarter, we go strictly by the constitution, and do not allow a Newish to be blacked over four times a week. How much time shall be spent in studying is made optional. The limit is generally about twenty minutes, as our ponies are thoroughbreds. The only objection we have to ponies is that it is a great strain on the eyes to look at two books at the same time. "Dr." Lucas, poor fellow, is about to go blind. We recommend that the class buy him an interlinear.

We have had much pleasure this year and have done honor to this institution, and next year we shall come back determined to excel the present Junior Class. We have material which foretells greatness, and we expect to accomplish great things. All we ask you to do is to keep your eyes open, for "there'll be something doing" in The Class of 1900.

HISTORIAN.





Freshman Class

Officers

WILLIAM RUFUS EDMONDS

PRESIDENT

RALPH HARRIS FERRELL

VICE-PRESIDENT

SIMEON FOSTER CALDWELL

SECRETARY

JESSE GARDNER

TREASURER

THOMAS SIMMONS TRANTHAM

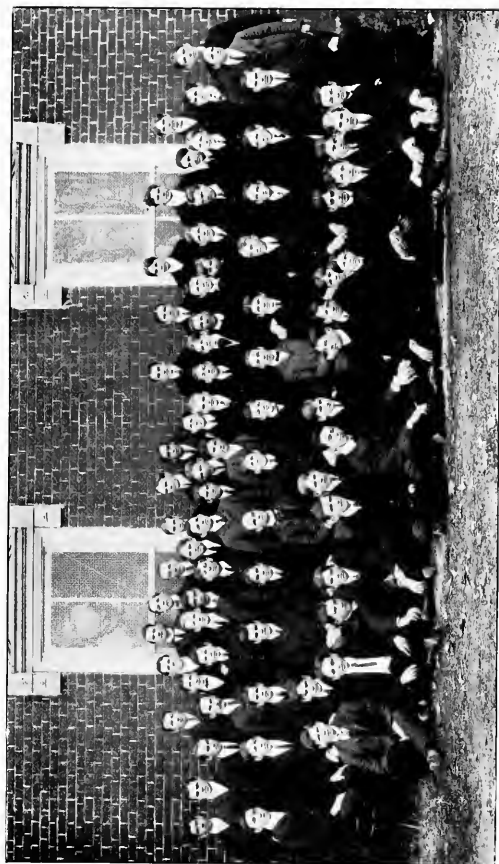
HISTORIAN

OLIVER PRESTON RICHARDSON

POET

JOHN IVEY SMITH

PROPHET



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
ISAAC CURTIS ARLEDGE	<i>I'</i>	Columbus, North Carolina
CLAUDIUS GORDON BAKER	ϕ	Nichols, South Carolina
OBIE WALLACE BAYNES	ϕ	Winston, North Carolina
BRYAN SPIREY BAZEMORE	<i>I'</i>	Windsor, North Carolina
THOMAS HERMON BEVERLY	<i>I'</i>	Cool Springs, North Carolina
GEORGE WATSON BOWERS	<i>I'</i>	Airlie, North Carolina
JOHN BERT BRIDGES	<i>I'</i>	Lexina, North Carolina
GURNEY VENTON BROWN	<i>I'</i>	Union, North Carolina
FLAKE TURNER BURKE	<i>I'</i>	Statesville, North Carolina
ROY PRITCHARD BURNS	<i>I'</i>	Wadesboro, North Carolina
WILLIAM PUGH BYRD	ϕ	Darlington, South Carolina
SIMEON FOSTER CALDWELL	ϕ	Lumberton, North Carolina
Secretary Freshman Class		
WILLIAM FRANKLIN CALE	<i>I'</i>	Windsor, North Carolina
PERCIVAL VERNON CHITTY	<i>I'</i>	Menola, North Carolina
EARLE PAGE COTTON	Raleigh, North Carolina
BENJAMIN W. COVINGTON	<i>I'</i>	Florence, South Carolina
Third Marshal, Commencement		
BUCK HILRY CRUMPLER	ϕ	Clinton, North Carolina
WALTER LOUIS CURTIS	ϕ	Ahoskie, North Carolina
JOHN NEAL DAVIS	<i>I'</i>	Conrads, North Carolina
JOHN MURPHY DUNCAN	ϕ	Clinton, North Carolina
WILLIAM RUFUS EDMONDS	ϕ	Dobson, North Carolina
President Freshman Class		
FULTON ELNINGTON	ϕ	Kemper, South Carolina
OWEN FENNELL, JR.	ϕ	Wilmington, North Carolina
RALPH HARRIS FERRELL	ϕ	Raleigh, North Carolina
Vice-President Freshman Class		

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
MILES PEGRAM FLACK	P	Cuba, North Carolina
THOMAS JACKSON FOLGER	P	Dobson, North Carolina
JESSE GARDNER	P	Churchill, North Carolina
FELIX BAILEY GREENE	P	Canton, China
GARLAND MANNING GREENE	P	Shelby, North Carolina
JOHN ROBERT GREENE	P	Clyde, North Carolina
EDWARD MATTHEW HAIRFIELD	P	Anton, Virginia
CHARLES RUSH HAMRICK	P	Shelby, North Carolina
FULLER BROUGHTON HAMRICK	P	Shelby, North Carolina
HUNTER BECKWITH HARDAWAY	φ	Newman, Georgia
ECTORS AUGUSTUS HARRILL	P	Shelby, North Carolina
JAMES ALEXANDER HARRIS		Youngsville, North Carolina
DANIEL GARFIELD HART	φ	Fruitland, North Carolina
THOMAS NORMAN HAYES	φ	Purlear, North Carolina
JOHN BASTWICK HILL	φ	West Union, South Carolina
HUGH BENJAMIN HINES	P	Murfreesboro, North Carolina
HERBERT S. HOLDING	φ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
WILLIAM ISHAM HOLDING	φ	Wake Forest, North Carolina
DAVID AUGUSTUS HUMPHREY	φ	Lumberton, North Carolina
SADIE JUNIUS HUSKETH	P	Gorman, North Carolina
ARCHIE LINCOLN JENKINS	P	Gastonia, North Carolina
CLYDE JENKINS	P	Menola, North Carolina
RIVERS DUNN JOHNSON	φ	Warren, North Carolina
Third Marshal, Anniversary		
WILLIAM OTIS JOHNSON	φ	Bure's Creek, North Carolina
WILSON FORBES LEAKY	φ	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
WOODIE LENNON	φ	Lumberton, North Carolina
Orchestra		
FOSTER MCGHAN LYNCH	P	Florence, South Carolina
TERRY LYON	φ	Elizabethtown, North Carolina
OSCAR RAY MANGUM	φ	Durham, North Carolina
THOMAS JARVIS MARKHAM	φ	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
OLIVER NICHOLAS MARSHALL, JR.	φ	Rocky Mount, North Carolina
WILLIAM ROYALL MARTIN		Wake Forest, North Carolina

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
HILLIARD JOSHUA MASSEY	<i>I</i>	Pilot, North Carolina
MONROE TANKERSLEY McARTHUR	<i>Φ</i>	Gaffney, South Carolina
CHIRUS CORAN McSWAIN	<i>I</i>	Lattimore, North Carolina
ERNEST LUTHER MORGAN	<i>I</i>	Clyde, North Carolina
ARCHIE R. MURRAY	<i>Φ</i>	Burgan, North Carolina
ALBERT HANSEN NANNEY	<i>I</i>	Cuba, North Carolina
JOHN HARRELL NANNEY	<i>I</i>	Union Mills, North Carolina
ALEXANDER NEWTON	<i>I</i>	Carar, North Carolina
BERNARD OLIVER	<i>I</i>	Timmons ville, South Carolina
ARNOLD PARKER, JR.	<i>I</i>	Allbemarle, North Carolina
MICHAEL PARKER	<i>I</i>	Allbemarle, North Carolina
RUFUS BRACKIN PEARSON	<i>Φ</i>	Reidsville, North Carolina
HENRY BAYLIS PICOI	<i>I</i>	Como, North Carolina
IRA LEMONS PITMAN	<i>Φ</i>	Lumberton, North Carolina
JAMES MCKINNON POWELL	<i>Φ</i>	Whiteville, North Carolina
LEWIS MONTGOMERY POWELL	<i>I</i>	Savannah, Georgia
JAMES ALDERMAN POWERS	<i>Φ</i>	Wallace, North Carolina
JAMES RICHARD PRICE	<i>Φ</i>	Thomasville, North Carolina
JOHN JENKINS PRICE	<i>Φ</i>	Thomasville, North Carolina
ROBERT LEE RAMSEUR	<i>I</i>	Cleveland Mills, North Carolina
WILLIAM DAVIS RAY		Waynesville, North Carolina
OLIVER PRESTON RICHARDSON	<i>Φ</i>	Gaffney, South Carolina
Poet Freshman Class; Base Ball Team		
WALTER THOMAS ROBERTSON	<i>I</i>	Monroe, North Carolina
DANIEL PARKER ROBINS	<i>I</i>	Funston, North Carolina
ERNEST FULLER SHARPE	<i>Φ</i>	Blackwood, North Carolina
EDGAR LEWIS SHEARON	<i>Φ</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
CLAUDIUS ARTHUR SMITH	<i>I</i>	Concord, North Carolina
JOHN IVEY SMITH	<i>Φ</i>	Greenville, North Carolina
Prophet Freshman Class; Base Ball Team		
JAMES ABNER SNOW	<i>Φ</i>	Dobson, North Carolina
JOHN DAVID SPANGLER	<i>I</i>	Dauble Shoals, North Carolina
GEORGE DUFFY SPEAS	<i>I</i>	Florence, South Carolina
WILLIAM EUGENE SPEAS	<i>I</i>	East Bend, North Carolina

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
LANGLEY TAYLOR	<i>P</i>	Aulander, North Carolina
CAREY B. TAYLOR	<i>P</i>	Dunn, North Carolina
GEORGE DUNN TAYLOR	<i>Φ</i>	Catharine Lake, North Carolina
JAMES J. THOMAS Orchestra	<i>P</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina
JERRY PLETCHER THOMAS	<i>Φ</i>	Beaufort, North Carolina
THOMAS MURRAY THOMAS	<i>Φ</i>	Beaufort, North Carolina
SHADRACH FRANKLIN THOMPSON	.	Ladonia, North Carolina
EDGAR NATHANIEL THORN	<i>P</i>	Forest City, North Carolina
WALTER COBB TOON	<i>Φ</i>	Whiteville, North Carolina
BERNER TOWNSEND	<i>Φ</i>	Lamberton, North Carolina
THOMAS SIMMONS TRAUTMAN Historian Freshman Class	<i>P</i>	Camden, North Carolina
JAMES BAXTER TURNER Winner in Tennis Tournament, Base Ball Team	<i>Φ</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
CAREY ALMON UPCHURCH Third Marshal, Commencement	<i>Φ</i>	Apex, North Carolina
WILLIAM HARVIA VANN	<i>P</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina
JAMIE WILLIAM VERNON	<i>Φ</i>	Roxboro, North Carolina
C. MANTA WARE	<i>P</i>	Reynoldson, North Carolina
GEORGE GRAHAM WALL	<i>Φ</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
VERNON OLIV WEATHERS	<i>Φ</i>	Raleigh, North Carolina
WALTER HERBERT WEATHERSPOON, JR. Glee Club	<i>Φ</i>	Durham, North Carolina
EXIE LENNELL WESTON	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
JULIUS WESLEY WHITTY	<i>P</i>	Efird's Mills, North Carolina
SAMUEL FREDERICK WILSON	<i>P</i>	Burnsville, North Carolina
GEORGE GIFFTON WOOD	<i>P</i>	Byarsville, North Carolina
JAMES BAILEY WRAY	<i>P</i>	Knoxville, Tennessee

The Newish History

I DON'T know, or care, whether or no anyone knows or no that we are here or no, but we are, and there ain't none ever been here before like us. We are the best crop of Newishes ever raised in these regions. This class is the guardian angel of the institution, and has taken the Faculty under its protection. We like the place fairly well, and if it don't get any worse we may come back next year.

The Oldishes are awful this year. They are up to all sorts of meanness. One time they toted all the chairs off, so we couldn't stand examinations. Another time they broke up the chapel piano, and again they painted all over the outside of the buildings. But their chief meanness is their way of treating us. They whistle us and call us Newish, and actually put shoe-polish on our faces. We couldn't endure it if they were ordinary fellows, but they don't know any better. We have a poor set of Oldishes this year. They can't perform their Sophomorical duties like they had ought to. No Newish could keepstep to their whistling. They can't black a fellow properly. One night they caught a Newish and started to shine his countenance, and they got the polish all in his mouth and hair. They ain't got much respect for a Newish nohow. When we were having our pictures taken, they threw water on us from the windows of the dormitory. Fellows who don't know any better than this ain't quite ordinary. Sol Ray is the poorest Oldish in college. He needs a nurse, and this class has decided to hire one for him. Big Newton is entirely too fresh. One day he actually cussed at a Newish who hollered at him. The poor Newish was scared pretty nigh to death. If Newton don't reform he will have to be blacked. I feel sorry for such poor mortals, so I warn him not to come back next year.

The Freshman class has always been a very imitative one, and the Naughty-sevens are no exception to the rule. When we saw the other classes meeting and electing officers, we decided to do the same. We thought it would be fine to meet in secret, so one night we met in a cornfield. The officers were elected, and we thought we had done a swell thing, but the editors of THE HOWLER would not recognize our meeting. We had to meet again like ordinary people, in the Society Hall. The old boys tried to stop us with snowballs, but we got up there safely. Long-legged Edmonds was elected President, and pretty little Ferrell Vice-President. John Ivey Smith was made Prophet. In the first meeting Rammy was elected Prophet, and his prophecy was that everyone of us would get blacked for our trouble. John Ivey hasn't given out his prophecy yet. When we had adjourned we found that the doors were locked and the Oldishes were waiting outside for us. Then the Newishes went wild.

John Ivey Smith and Hill led the attack, and two doors went down before them. The Odishes saw that it was useless to try to stop us, and did not try.

We have lots of celebrities in our class. Jesse Gardner is the most studious student in college. Anyhow, he got the vote for it, although he is always complaining of the time that he is wasting. Medlin, the lawyer of the class, has a leg on Prof. Gully. He got blacked nine times. Rammy is an ideal Newish. He got blacked three times in one night. We have a fellow here named Bazermore, but I can't learn where he hails from. Little Preach Hardaway has everybody skunt on hard studying. I fear he will be summoned before the Faculty some day for studying too hard. One Newish, last fall, went snipe-hunting. I don't know whether he caught any or not, but several times he advertised that he would serve snipes on toast at his room. Our Christmas gifts are of great variety. Little Jenkins and "Trouble" are the best samples. Little Jenkins is running for Commencement Third Marshal. He has the support of the class in his race. "Trouble" is the freshest Newish in college, but there are others who will push him close for the distinction.

One Newish (I couldn't learn his name) was discussing Milton for Professor Sled, and quoted the following:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
May there be no *mourning* of the bar
When I put out to sea."

He ought to have been elected poet of the class. Ching Ling, the Chinaman, must be mentioned. He came from Shanghai or Hong Kong, or some place like that. Lewis Powell is the sporting man of the class. All the girls love him and want to kiss him. It is a wonder that he is single still. Ben Covington is a close second to Lewis. Jim Turner has made short-stop on the ball team, and Tennessee Wray is legging for mascot. Spense Wheeler is his dangerous rival. I hope both will get it. We have lots of others, but I only have time to mention Dr. Husketh, the one who asks so many questions and tries to stump the professor.

This class means to do great things in the years to come. So far, we have been fairly successful, and have still to be told what we can't do. A class composed of such members as the above mentioned can hope to accomplish wonders. We intend to perform our Sophomorical duties in a more creditable manner than this year's crop of Sophomores did. We will pass safely the stage of Juniordom, which is the stage in which the unlucky ones wither on examinations. In our last year, we will be what a senior class ought to be,—a model for future generations and a credit to our Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.

At our last meeting we elected "Elky Delky" Pearce Patron Saint; Carrie Nation, Matron, and Boots was chosen to fill the honorable office of Mascot to the Freshman Class of 1903.

Mr. Bull Frog's Singin' Schule

Dey once wuz er meetin' in de swampy bog,
Uv every kind er beas', fum de turkle ter de frog.
Now, de obijic er de meetin' wuz ter stort er singin' schule,
Fer ter tech up all dey voices so's ter sing dey songs by rule.

Mr. Bull Frog wrote er notice on de alligator's back,
Er onvitin' all de neighbors ter de meetin'—dot's er fac'.
An' when de time roll roun' fer de meetin' dat wuz sot,
De pan wuz rollin' over, des lak er bilin' pot.

Wif all sorts uv turkles an' all sorts uv frogs
Er roostin' roun' on stumps an' floatin' sticks an' logs.
Den Mr. Turkle moke er motion dot de bull frog mus' preside,
Kaze he had de kind er voice ter be hyeard bof fur an' wide.

Dis 'sturb de alligator, an' he riz right up an' say
Dat he tink his mauf ez big ez de bull frog's any day.
An' hit trouble Mr. Terrapin, an' he 'gin to turnin' pale,
Kaze he skeard he gwinter miss de chance ter show de fo'ks his tail.

You see in dem times he hadder tail ez pretty an' ez white
Ez de tails hung ter de stars what yau see shoot roun' at night ;
So he bounce right on de bull frog an' knock 'im off his feet,
An' gin ter clime up, proud like, fer ter take de bull frog's seat—

When Mr. Cat Fish nob 'im an' tole dot tail erway,
An' de terrapin haint niver seed hit clean to dis very day.
Now dis cause sech a cornfus'n in dis heah singin' schule
Dat dey evey one decided dat dey niver sing by rule.

Now ef dey'd er showed de proper sperit an' hadn't act de hog,
Dey might ter bin fine musick down in de swampy bog ;
An' 'stead er allus screechin' wif er sad an' solun wail,
De terrapin maught bin totin still dot pretty, long white tail.

JO PATTON

Law Class

Officers

PERCY J. OLIVE

PRESIDENT

HUGH JOHNSON

VICE-PRESIDENT

THOMAS MALCOLM BIZZELL

SECRETARY

BURROWS ALLEN CRITCHER

TREASURER

GEORGE JONES SPENCE

HISTORIAN

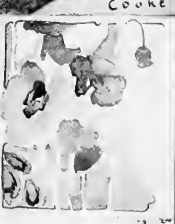


LAW CLASS

Law Class Roll

NAME	HOME ADDRESS
THOMAS ALLEN	Marion, South Carolina
THOMAS ADDISON ALLEN	Wilton, North Carolina
JOHN BASCOM ANDERSON	Asheville, North Carolina
HERSCHELL STRANGE AVERITT	Stedman, North Carolina
LEWIS J. BAILEY	Washington, D. C.
WILLIAM CLAUDIUS BELL	Dunn, North Carolina
THOMAS MALCOLM BIZZELL	Goldshoro, North Carolina
Secretary Law Class, Chief Marshal Commencement	
EVANDER MALOV BRITT	Lumberton, North Carolina
JULIAN CLAGETT BROOKS	Euta, North Carolina
JAMES MCINTYRE CARSON	Rutherfordton, North Carolina
JAMES LESLIE COLLIER	Little River Academy, North Carolina
BURROWS ALLEN CRITCHER	Williamston, North Carolina
Treasurer Law Class	
OTTO FREDERICK DINGELHOFF	Wilmington, North Carolina
RAYMOND CROMWELL DUNN	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
SAMUEL ARRINGTON DUNN	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
WILLIAM ALBION DUNN	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
CHARLES GENTRY GILREATH	Moravian Falls, North Carolina
CHARLES UPCHURCH HARRIS	Raleigh, North Carolina
ANDREW COLUMBUS HONEYCUT	Leo, North Carolina
WINSTON MONTGOMERY JACKSON	White Plains, North Carolina
HUGH JOHNSON	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
Vice-President Law Class	
WALTER JONES	Fairfield, North Carolina
WALTER NBY KEENER	Lincolnton, North Carolina
EBEN LOFTIN LARKINS	Burgan, North Carolina

NAME	HOME ADDRESS
JUDGE ELDER LITTLE	Long's Store, North Carolina
FLETCHER HARRIS LYON	Austin, North Carolina
WINFIELD HANCOCK LYON	Raleigh, North Carolina
VAN BUREN MARTIN	Margarettsville, North Carolina
PHILLIPS CAMPBELL McDUFFIE	East Orange, New Jersey
LORENZO MEDLIN	Monroe, North Carolina
ERNEST VANCE MOORE	Liledown, North Carolina
LEONIDAS JOHN MOORE, JR.	New Berne, North Carolina
ROBERT EDMUND MORRIS	Rutherfordton, North Carolina
ODES MCCOY MULL	Knob Creek, North Carolina
SPEARMAN ATWOOD NEWELL	Mapleville, North Carolina
PERCY J. OLIVE	Apex, North Carolina
President Law Class	
CHARLES CLAY PIERCE	Finch, North Carolina
WILLIAM SCOTT PRIVOLI	Rocky Hook, North Carolina
WADE REANIS	Hamptonville, North Carolina
CLAUDE DOWD RITTER	Hallison, North Carolina
EDWARD GALLATIN ROBERTS	Asheville, North Carolina
JAMES ROYALL	Wake Forest, North Carolina
ANDREW FULLER SAMS	Cary, North Carolina
JOHN CUTHBERT SIKES, JR.	Monroe, North Carolina
DELOS W. SORRELL	Nelson, North Carolina
GEORGE JONES SPENCE	Elizabeth City, North Carolina
Historian Law Class, Associate Editor THE HOWLER	
ARTHUR EDGAR TILLEY	Crumpler, North Carolina
EDWARD MANLY TOON	Whiteville, North Carolina
LEON THOMAS VAUGHAN	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
JOHN MARTIN WAGONER	City, North Carolina
WALTER MONROE WAGONER	Montland, North Carolina
CHARLES B. WIFE	East La Porte, North Carolina



Medical Class

Officers

WILLIAM ALDEN HOGGARD

PRESIDENT

HOUSTON WINGATE VERNON

VICE-PRESIDENT

OSCAR WENTWORTH KING

SECRETARY

WILLIAM WALTER STAFFORD

TREASURER

ARGO HILLARD PERRY

HISTORIAN

GEORGE A. McLEMORE

POET



MEDICAL CLASS



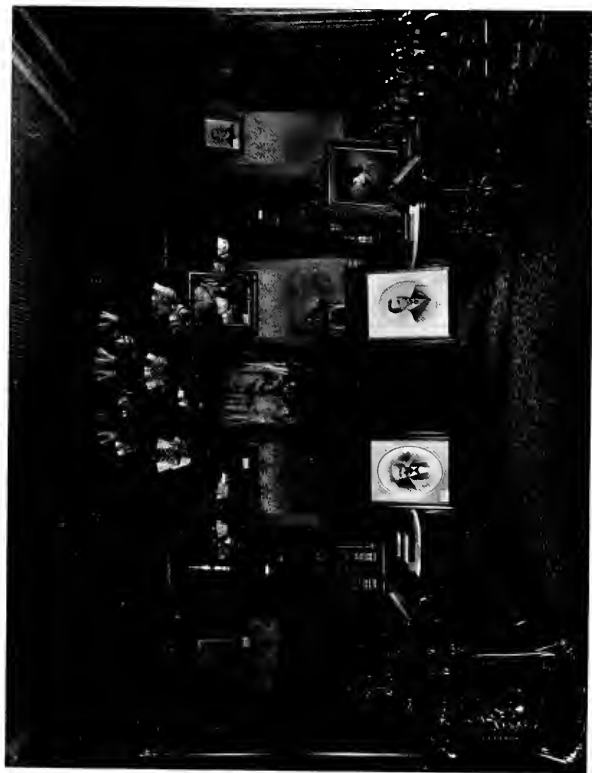
Medical Class Roll

NAME	SOCIETY	HOME ADDRESS
Second Year Class		
WILLIAM ALDEN HOGGARD	<i>P</i>	Windsor, North Carolina President Medical Class
GEORGE A. McLEMORE	<i>Φ</i>	Parkersburg, North Carolina Poet Medical Class
HOUSTON WINGATE VERNON	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina Vice-President Medical Class
First Year Class		
GORDON RABY EDWARDS	<i>P</i>	Wake Forest, North Carolina
CHARLTON GAMBLE	Turbeville, South Carolina
OSCAR WENTWORTH KING	<i>Φ</i>	Wilmington, North Carolina Secretary Medical Class, Prophet Sophomore Class, Glee Club, Orchestra, Base Ball Team
RICHARD H. LUCAS	<i>Φ</i>	Plymouth, North Carolina
HERBERT JEROME MATTHEWS	<i>P</i>	Timmons ville, South Carolina
PAUL HAYNE MITCHELL	<i>P</i>	Ahoskie, North Carolina
ARGO HILLIARD PERRY	<i>P</i>	Hickory Grove, North Carolina Historian Medical Class
ERNEST MONROE PERRY	<i>P</i>	Mapleville, North Carolina
WILLIAM WALTER STAFFORD	<i>P</i>	Elizabeth City, North Carolina Treasurer Medical Class
HEP MCGHEE STONALL	<i>Φ</i>	Stonall, North Carolina
JAMES LASSITER TUNSTALL	<i>P</i>	Cokes, North Carolina

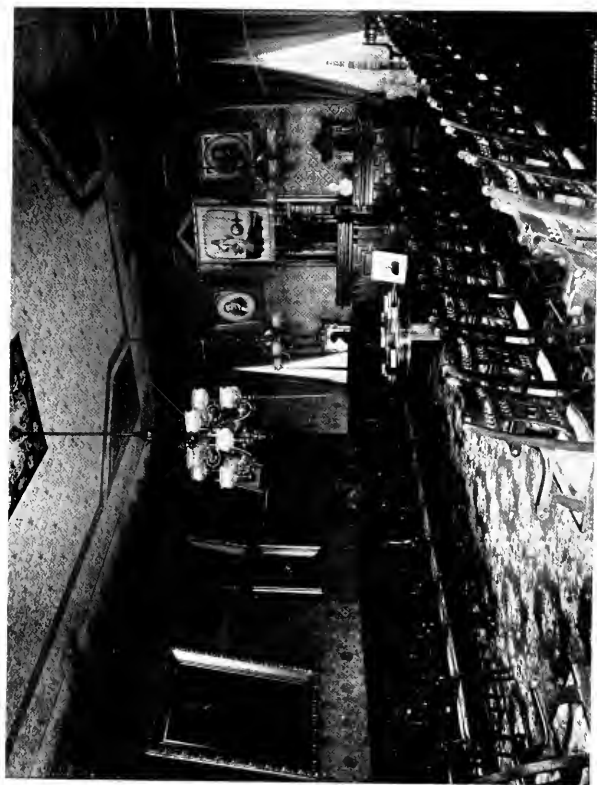




Organizations



PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY HALL



EUZELIAN SOCIETY HALL

Glee Club and Orchestra

TALCOTT W. BREWER, Manager

Glee Club

DARIUS EATMAN, Musical Director

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Leader

First Tenor

F. K. COOKE
M. L. DAVIS
D. EATMAN
J. W. WHISNANT

First Bass

S. W. BAGLEY
G. W. COGGIN
H. M. POTEAT
C. P. WEAVER

Second Tenor

D. H. BLAND
T. W. BREWER
G. S. FOOTE
C. A. LEONARD

Second Bass

O. W. KING
B. D. McDANIEL
B. L. POWERS
W. H. WEATHERSPOON

Orchestra

JAMES J. THOMAS, JR., Leader

1st Violin—J. J. THOMAS, JR.	1st Cornet—G. M. TRAMMELL
2nd Violin—T. W. BREWER	2nd Cornet—O. W. KING
Double Bass—B. J. RAY	Trombone—S. W. BAGLEY
Clarinet—L. E. BALDWIN	Drum—B. L. POWERS
Piano—H. M. POTEAT	

Itinerary

1914

Wake Forest	February 11th
Louisburg, N. C.	February 15th
Oxford, N. C.	February 16th
Greenville, N. C.	February 16th
Scotland Neck, N. C.	February 17th
Weldon, N. C.	February 18th
Franklin, Va.	February 19th
Henderson, N. C.	April 8th
Raleigh, N. C.	April 11th
Greensboro, N. C.	May 5th
Chapel Hill, N. C.	May 6th
Durham, N. C.	May 7th

Program for Concerts

PART I

1. HERE'S TO WAKE FOREST Words by *C. P. Weaver*

Oh! Here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest,
 Red, ruddy, Rhenish filled up to the brim,
 Her sons they are many, her daughters a-plenty,
 With hearts o'erflowing we will sing her hymn.

CHORUS.

Rah, Rah, Wake Forest, Rah!
 Old Alma Mater's sons we are,
 We'll herald her story and die for her glory,
 Old Gold and Black is ever waving high.

As Fresh we adore her, as Sophs we explore her,
 And curve our names upon her ancient walls,
 As Juniors patrol her, as Seniors extol her,
 And weep to leave for'er her sacred halls. — CHORUS.

Though fortune forsake us and fate o'ertake us,
 We'll ne'er forget our dear old college days,
 And o'er memory's treasure we'll drink without measure,
 And sing for'er our Alma Mater's praise. — CHORUS.

2. GALA PARADE..... *Le Blanc*

ORCHESTRA

3. 'TROMBONE SOLO—"If Only You Were Mine". *Victor Herbert*

MR. POTEAT

4. SONG OF THE BEE *Parks*

GLEE CLUB

5. VIOLIN SOLO—"Son of Puszta"—Op. 134, No. 2 *Keler Bela*

MR. THOMAS

6. (a) SWEET KATHERINE *Jon s*
 (b) MY FIO *Tinsmann*

GLEE CLUB

7. PIANO SOLO—Marche Militaire *Schubert-Tausig*

MR. POTEAT

Program

PART II.

1. BLAZE AWAY *Abe Holzmann*
ORCHESTRA
2. SOLO—In the Golden Long Ago *Stultz*
MR. DAVIS
3. VIOLIN SOLO—Angels' Serenade *Braga*
MR. POTEAT
4. QUARTETTE—The Pope
MESSRS. POWERS, POTEAT, DAVIS, EATMAN

The Pope he leads a jolly life,
He's free from every care and strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine;
I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife.
He has no son to raise his hope;
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

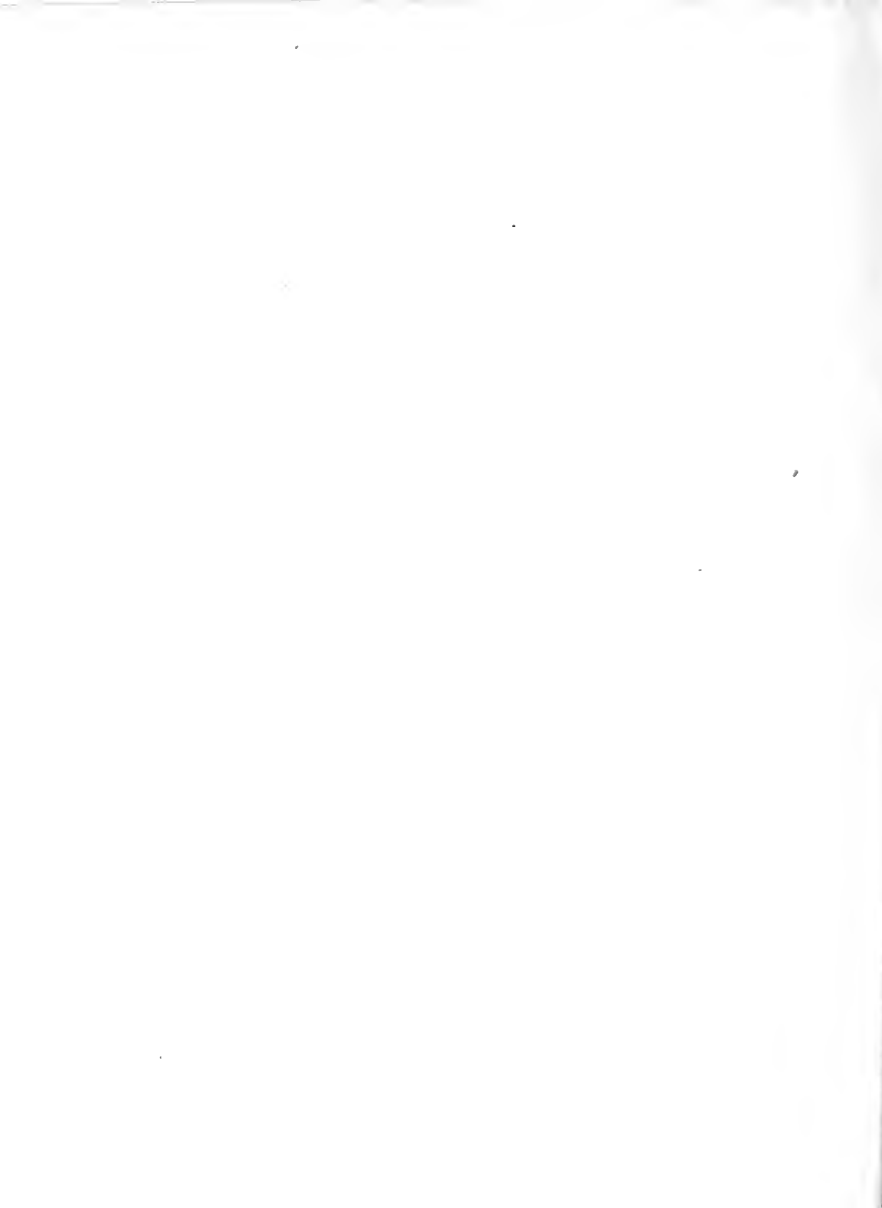
The Sultan better plenses me;
He leads a life of jollity,
His wives are many as he will;
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

But still he is a wretched man,
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when the Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.
5. KENTUCKY BAKE *Adam Geibel*
GLEE CLUB
6. VIOLIN DUET—Symphony in F—Op. 74 *V. Moret*
MR. THOMAS AND MR. POTEAT
7. OVERTURE—Eldorado *Bowman*
ORCHESTRA
8. STEIN SONG *Gustav Luder*
MR. COOKE AND GLEE CLUB



GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA





BAND



D. M. C. A.

LESLIE M. DAVIS	President
RICHARD D. COVINGTON	Vice-President
LEON R. KENDRICK	Recording Secretary
T. D. KITCHEN	Corresponding Secretary
A. H. OLIVE	Treasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Mission

C. A. LEONARD

Religious

H. J. VANN

Finance

A. H. OLIVE

Nominating

G. W. JUSTICE

Bible Study

C. C. HOWARD

Handbook

W. S. WYATT

Goose Quill Club

MEMBERS

BENJAMIN W. PARHAM

BURTON J. RAY

GASTON S. FOOTE

WINGATE M. JOHNSON

JOHN S. HARDAWAY

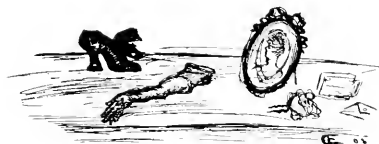
GEORGE J. SPENCE

EDWIN W. COOKE

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER

CHARLES P. WEAVER

HUGH L. STOKY



Calico Club

MOTTO:

"We live for love."

SONG:

"Yes, It Is Only Flirting."

FAVORITE OCCUPATION:

Flirting.

COLORS:

White, Red and Purple.

FAVORITE DISH:

Dream Cake.

OFFICERS

DAVID COVINGTON	President
BEN PARHAM	Vice-President
BOB CAMP	Manager
WILLIE WIGGS	Heart Breaker
HUGH JOHNSON	Ladies' <i>Beau Ideal</i>

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

PROF. EATMAN	DR. COOKE	DR. RANKIN	DR. PASCHAL
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FRATRES IN URBE

NEDHAM MANGUM	JOHN BREWER	"BILL" DUNN
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ORDINARY CALICAISTS

HEBER VANN	BURTON RAY
EDWIN COOKE	GEORGE GOODWYN
JOHN PICOT	RAY SMITH
JAMES PROCTOR	DICK COVINGTON
GASTON FOOTE	PHIL MACDUFFIE
WILLIE WHISNAN	"DOC." WARD
"PREACH" HARDAWAY	HUBERT POTEAT
"TUBBY" BREWER	WAIT BAGLEY
WILLIE WYATT	"MORT" FORREST
DICK BIVENS	HUGH STORY

The Dramatic Club

GASTON FOOTE	President
EDWIN COOKE	Vice-President
JOHN PICOI	Stage Manager
BENJAMIN PARHAM	Business Manager



The Chaffing Dish Club

TALCOTT BREWER	.	President
BOB CAMP	.	Vice-President
GASTON FOOTE	.	Treasurer

MEMBERS

B. J. RAY	J. D. PROCTOR	E. F. SHAW
J. J. THOMAS, JR.	B. W. PARHAM	E. W. COOKE
J. C. PATTON	J. M. BREWER	H. W. WIGGS
J. I. SMITH	H. JOHNSON	C. R. SMITH
O. P. RICHARDSON	T. McARTHUR	J. M. PIGOT

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

COOKE

EATMAN

Pit (?) Club

MOTTO:

"Fair play and no talking across the board"

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION:

A good knowledge of colors, figures, faces and stocks (?)

HEADQUARTERS:

"The Shack," "Brewer House" and "The Temple"

MEMBERS

"E." COOKE	"PETE" OLIVE	"GOAT" WALKER
"PHILIAS" FLETCHER	"JOE" PALTON	"DOC" WARD
"MOSE" GOODMAN	"KIDG" PROCTOR	RAY SMITH
"PREACH" HARDWAY	"SNIPES" PICOI	"BILLY" WIGGS
"DICK" JOHNSON	"OOP" RICHARDSON	T. D. KITCHEN
"TANK" McARTHUR	"FED" SHAW	"BLONDY" KING
"CYING" MITCHELL	JOHN IVIA SMITH	
"JACK" MITCHELL	"NEWISH" TRAMMILL	

ERATRES IN URBE

"JACK" BREWER	"ROXY" DUNN	"JUDGE" MANGUM
---------------	-------------	----------------

South Carolina Club

FLOWER :

Jimson Weed

COLOR :

Sandy "Yaller"

FAVORITE SONG :

"Home, Sweet Home"

FAVORITE DRINK :

Catawba's Muddy Stream

MOTTO :

"A Nilo Nil Fit"

OFFICERS

WILLIAM H. WHITEHEAD	President
THOMAS ALLEN	Vice-President
CARL R. SMITH	Secretary and Treasurer
R. F. ELVINGTON	Pugilist
M. L. MATTHEWS	"Cock of the Walk"
RICHARD D. COVINGTON	Laziest Man
T. S. TRANTHAM	Weary "Snipe" Hunter
T. ALLEN	Long-winded Fox Trailer

MEMBERS

ALLEN, T.
LADE, A. E.
HILL, J. B.
ELVINGTON, R. F.
SPEARS, G. D.
BAKERS, C. G.
LYNCH, T. M.
JACKSON, L.
SMITH, C. R.
TRAWBLE, G. M.
MATTHEWS, M. L.

MATTHEWS, H. J.
COVINGTON, R. D.
COVINGTON, B. W.
KENDRICK, R. L.
OLIVER, B.
WHITEHEAD, W. H.
TRANTHAM, T. S.
RICHARDSON, O. P.
MCARTHUR, T. A.
GAMBLE
FORD, RUFUS.

Amalgamated Association of Borers

"Linked Sweetness, long drawn out."

MOLETO:

How long, O Cataline, will you abuse our patience?

OFFICERS

JESSE McCARTER	Lord Grand Borer
McDUFFIE	Second Best
JO. PATTON	Next

MEMBERS

SPEAS	B. A. CRITCHUR
LONG	AUSTIN
MORGAN	O. J. SIKES
WEATHERSPOON	DICK COVINGTON
JACKSON	P. D. MANGUM

T. ALLEN

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

J. F. LAMNEAU	G. W. PASCAL
W. L. POTEAU	J. B. CARLYLE

The "38" and "41" Club

Or the United Association of Train Inspectors

President

HUGH JOHNSON

Vice-President

J. J. THOMAS, JR.

Secretary and Treasurer

HERBERT WIGGS

MEMBERS

HUBERT POLLAT

JOE SNEED

HEBER VANN

JOE PATTON

T. D. KITCHIN

RAY SMITH

NEDHAM MANGUM

J. D. PROCTOR

TED SHAW

JOHN PROOF

GASTON FOOTE

BEN PARHAM

EDWIN COOKE

PREACH HARDAWAY

O. J. KING

JOHN MITCHELL

RIVERS JOHNSON

G. M. TRAMMELL

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

D. A. COVINGTON

L. R. MILLS

J. B. CARLYLE

BROWN



The Egg Eating Club

Headquarters: "The Temple"

Qualification for Membership

Each applicant must eat one dozen and one hard boiled eggs before becoming a member

OFFICERS

- "PELE" OLIVE—Chief Mogul
- "ROXY" DUNN—Chief Cook and Bottle Washer
- "DICK" JOHNSON—Assistant in Culinary Dep't
- "REDDY" PROCTOR—"Cash Register"

MEMBERS

- THURMAN KITCHIN: "Egg be still, tempt me no more,
Would I could eat thee as of yore"
- "X" RAY: "Hand me a dozen or more to interest me a while"
- "REDDY" PROCTOR: "Let me tell you 'bout a hen I've got at home"
- "PETE" OLIVE: "Wish these were goose eggs"
- "BOB" CAMP: "I'll take a few if somebody will shell them"
- "BILLIE" WIGGS: "Somebody please peel my eggs"
- "CLING" MITCHELL: "My kingdom for a hen that lays an egg without a shell"
- "TED" SHAW: "The hen's arch enemy"
- "DICK" JOHNSON: "The rooster's friend"
- "SNIPES" PICOT: "Give me quantity, not quality"
- "PHINEAS" FLETCHER: "The smell of an egg is still upon me"
- "JACK" MITCHELL: "The Lay member"
- GASTON FOOTE: "For in that little sphere what may I find
When I have broken off its casing shell"

Braggers' Club

MARION LESLIE DAVIS	President
"JUDGMENT" MORGAN	Newish Bragger
JAMES D. PROCTOR	Vice President
GEORGE T. GOODWYN	Post-graduate in hoc arte
JOHN S. HARDAWAY	A Master in hoc arte
S. WAIT BAGLEY	Only an Ordinary Bragger
CHARLES WEAVER	Pretty Good 'Un

Lazy Club

President H. H. MITCHELL

First Vice-President . . . H. L. WIGGS

Second Vice-President . . . R. G. CAMP



LAZY CLUB

"FATTY" MITCHELL

"BILLY" WIGGS

"BOB" CAMP



Disciples of Annanias

JAMES D. PROCTOR—Ruler of the Synagogue

JOHN S. HARDAWAY—Past Grand Patriarch

“NIGER” LYON—Rising Young Apostle

“MOSE” GOODWYN—His Long Suit

JO PATTON—Good Steady Liar

BEN. W. PARHAM—Scientific Liar

FRATER IN URBE

“JUDGE” NEEDHAM MANGUM

The Fraternity of Loafers

OBJECT:

To kill time

MOTTO:

Never work until you have to, and then don't have to

OFFICERS

FATY MITCHELL	Grand Master Loafer
RAY SMITH	Standard Bearer
BEN COVINGTON	Keeper of Ball Ground, Campus and Jack Mellin's Porch
JO FALLON	Committee of One on Scientific Loafing
GEORGE PEEK	Lord High Borer of the Dormitory
"NEWISH" TRAMMELL and "LITTLE PREACH" HARDAWAY	Promising young <i>time killers</i>

JUST PLAIN OLD LOAFERS

KITCHEN	SMITH, J.	CAMP
FEECHER	JOHNSON, R.	JOHNSON, H.
POWERS, B.	RICHARDSON	MITCHELL, J.
TURNER, J.	BIZZELL	PROCTOR
WALKER	COOKE	KING

The Bachelor Club

Only unmarried members of the Faculty eligible

MOTTO:

I'd rather be single than President

OBJECT:

To make everybody believe we could get married if we wanted to

OFFICERS

DR. PASCUAL, "A Battle-Scarred Veteran"	President
DR. COOKE, "Old in the Cause but Still Trying"	Vice-President
PROF. EATMAN, "Retired on Pension List"	Courier and Sponser, ex-officio
DR. RANKIN, "Still Has Hopes"	Ladies' Pet and Pride of the Club

Sleepers' Club

Prince of Sleepers	BURTON J. RAY
Last of the Seven Sleepers	BOB CAMP
Sleeping Beauty (?)	RAMSEUR
Modern Rip Van Winkle	S. CODFISH HOWARD

MOTTOES:

How Long Wilt Thou Sleep, O Sluggard.—SAM HOWARD.

Boy! Rammy!

Fast asleep? It is no matter,

Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber.

O, sleep, it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from Pole to Pole.—BOB CAMP.

Kind sleep affords

The only boon the wretched mind can feel

A momentary respite from despair.—B. J. RAY.

Happy-go-Lucky Club

MOTTO:

We don't care if "corn's" a bushel.

BY WORD:

Take your time.

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT:

Swiping Faculty Wood Vell:

Hippy, happy. Let 'er go!
Take life easy, take it slow—
No need hurrying, no need worrying.
We don't care if "corn's" a bushel.

MEMBERS

E. F. WARD

S. F. CALDWELL

HUGH JOHNSON

TERRY LYON

R. D. JOHNSON

G. J. SPENCE

TANK McARTHUR

The Mountaineers

COLORS :

Boomer Brown
and
Wild Cat Brindle

WATCH WORD :

"Revenues!"

MOTTO :

"Little larnin', less taxes, and more lickin'"

GULLET TICKLERS :

Moonshine and Sassecac Tea

PASS WORD :

"How's Craps?"

CRUTCH OF LIFE :

Corn Dodger and 'Lasses

FAVORITE PASTIME :

"Hoss Swappin' and Scrappin' "

TOAST :

Here's to the land where the wildcats scream,
Where the sled is drawn by the steer,
Where the "moonshine" flows in a gushing stream
To the home of the mountaineer.

MEMBERS

Officers

A. L. FLETCHER	Presiding Elder
D. G. HART	Circuit Rider
"WHISTLING JOE" FRANCIS	Brother Clerk
A. M. BURLISON	Keeper of the Treasure
JO C. PATTON	Friend of Crippled Muses
I. C. ARLEDGE	Typical "Jerry" and Bull-driver

Ordinary Mountain Hoosiers

J. R. MORGAN	W. E. SPEAS
E. S. MORGAN	W. M. JACKSON
E. L. DAVIS	F. S. WILSON
W. R. EDMUNDS	J. R. GREENE
E. N. THORNE	M. P. FLACK
G. W. JUSTICE	W. L. BEACH
T. N. HAYES	W. M. WAGONER
E. G. ROBERTS	J. W. WHISNANT
W. P. SPEAS	

The Kodak Klub

A little "snap" now and then, will sometimes catch the best of men

FAVORITE ANTHEM :

" Who's Hue ? "

COLORS :

Raspberry Plush

PURPOSE :

Preservation of Personal Puk britude

PATRON SAINT : Old " Sol "

FLOWER : Ballard's Best Obelisk

OFFICERS

JAMES THOMAS President

EDWIN JOSEY Vice-President

" BUNNIE " CALDWELL Secretary

MEMBERS

JOSEY—Official Grinner

WRAY—Grandma

EDWIN COOKE—Poser Plenipotentiary

TRAMMEL—High Muck-a-muck of Dark room

SHAW—High Lord Holder of the Dark Lamp

SMITH—Presser of the Button

JIMMIE THOMAS—Caddie

LENNON—Tall Toter of the Tripod

POWELL—High Lord Dobber of the Paste-pot

" BUNNIE " CALDWELL —Mascot

PARHAM—Chief Manipulator of the Bird-eye

To preserve "Maj." Crenshaw, "Father" Wright, "Doc" Humphrey and "Brek" Cobb Traditions.

Stand on Deck Till the Biler Busts.

"We entered here so long ago
It seems we'll finish never,
For "Newish" come and Seniors go,
But we stay here forever."

Ushering in New Members of the Faculty

Whenever there is any change in the Faculty

We'll Never Say Good-bye

Loaves of Shewbread
Antediluvian Beef
Professor Johnson's Pears
Silas Stone's Wine

"MAJ." CRENSHAW	Founder of "Club."
"DOC" HUMPHREY	Club House Originator
"FEATHER" WRIGHT	Pioneer Legger
"BREK" COBB	Chairman Blacking Committee

E. DELKE PEARCE	Grand Mogul
T. ADDISON ALLEN	Sultan
C. J. GOOCH	Vicar to Pharaoh
M. L. DAVIS	Eolian "Scop"
HUGH JOHNSON	Supreme Councillor to The Witan
NOAH SHEPHERD	Relic of "Rahamkats"
J. M. HENLY	A Father in Israel

Baby of the Woods. Now Seraph of the Angelies
Fossil in Hurricane, NEEDHAM MANGUM

A Pastoral

Philip and Phyllis, shepherd and maid
Folded their flocks 'neath the same pleasant shade
Said Philip to Phyllis : Thou art fairer by far
Than the fairest of fairies in fairyland are ;
Thy voice more sweet than the tinkle at night
Thy eyes more bright than the evening star's light.
I love thee, fair Phyllis ; if thou wilt love me
I'll build thee a castle alone by the sea.

Fair Phyllis' face went red as the sun
And from her blue eyes fled the tears, one by one
Said Phyllis to Philip : Thy love is more dear
Than life-giving water on desert sands drear ;
Than land to the ship-wrecked when hope is nigh dead
Than the joy of the lost when home beams ahead.
I love thee, dear Philip ; the mansion may rest ;
I love not the sea ; I love thee the best.

CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

BENJAMIN W. PARKMAN
JAMES D. PROCTOR
SAMUEL W. BAGLEY

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

BURTON J. RAY
GASTON S. FORTH

ROBERT G. CAMP

FALCOTT W. BREWER
DR. G. W. PASCAL

General Athletic Association



It is true that now for several years, Wake Forest College has not reached her accustomed high-water mark in athletics. If we were to look for the cause of this falling so far below our usual good record, we would not have to search long.

But this year things have taken on a new appearance. Everybody is full of enthusiasm and college spirit runs high. The Association is working hard to put forth a team that will win, and in winning will thereby reflect honor upon the college. Although the team is managed by the Association, every man in college should remember that the base ball team is a part of the student-body; that it represents them, and is looking towards them for support and encouragement.

At so early a date it is hardly possible to say with any degree of certainty what this year will mean to us as to our place in the Athletic World.

We cannot in fairness judge the coming year by the past, because an awakened interest and increased activity in athletic circles has suddenly taken possession of the college. Whether this interest and college spirit is spasmodic or permanent we cannot tell. Heretofore a false idea of what college spirit meant has been too prevalent among us. True college spirit is not a hidden love or any fond attachment that a student may have formed for his college, but it is an expressed appreciation, showing itself in a hearty support of any organization promulgated by and representative of the whole student-body.

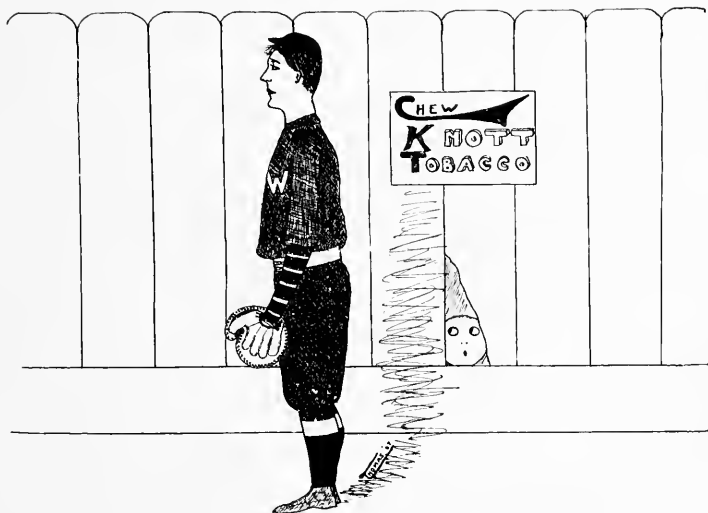
The bane of our college life has been the abundance among us of that species of men who shout themselves hoarse when our debaters win a point in a forensic contest or a player makes a good play in a base ball game, and then, although our representatives do their best, quietly turns his back and walks away, with no cheering word of encouragement, should our men be defeated.

That man exhibits the best college spirit who stands by the representatives of his college, although defeat overtake them.

The college-spirited man is ever ready to place a wreath of honor upon the brow of the athletic victor, and the proudest and happiest moment of a boy's life is when, having been the means of his team's winning in an athletic contest, he is borne from the field upon the shoulders of his friends. Critics and cranks may tell us that base ball is dangerous and foot ball brutal, but speaking for ourselves as well as for those who are to come after us, we would much prefer a few dislocated collar-bones and an occasional broken limb than to have the body dwarfed and the mind, as a natural sequence, hedged about by insurmountable barriers of physical weakness. Give us more tennis tournaments, a good track team, a winning base ball team and foot ball by all means. Give us whatever will tend to keep the mental and physical powers in equilibrium.



OFFICERS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Base Ball Team

ROBERT G. CAMP	Manager
JAMES D. PROCTOR	Assistant Manager
S. R. EDWARDS	Captain
EDWARDS AND TURNER	Pitchers
KING	Catcher
SMITH	First Base
WALKER	Second Base
VANN	Third Base
TURNER, J.	Short Stop
RICHARDSON	Left Field
GOODWYN	Centre Field
HAMRICK	Right Field
WIGGS	Utility Man

Score of Games

March 21	Wake Forest 10 vs. Bingham 5	Wake Forest
March 25	Wake Forest 5 vs. Oak Ridge 2	Wake Forest
March 26	Wake Forest 1 vs. Oak Ridge 0	Wake Forest
April 1	Wake Forest 6 vs. So. Car. College 1	Columbia, S. C.
April 2	Wake Forest 12 vs. So. Car. College 9	Columbia, S. C.
April 4	Wake Forest 5 vs. Furman 2	Charlotte
April 6	Wake Forest vs. Syracuse	Wake Forest
April 8	Wake Forest vs. Frinity	Durham
April 11	Wake Forest vs. A. & M.	Raleigh
April 12	Wake Forest vs. St. Albans	Wake Forest
April 14	Wake Forest vs. Trinity	Wake Forest
April 15	Wake Forest vs. Randolph-Macon	Wake Forest
April 16	Wake Forest vs. A. & M.	Wake Forest
April 19	Wake Forest vs. Richmond College	Wake Forest
April 20	Wake Forest vs. Trinity	Wake Forest
April 26	Wake Forest vs. So. Car. College	Wake Forest
May 6	Wake Forest vs. Guilford	Wake Forest
May 9	Wake Forest vs. A. & M.	Raleigh
May 13	Wake Forest vs. Wofford	Wake Forest
May 25	Wake Forest vs. Trinity	Wake Forest





BASE BALL TEAM

The Faculty vs. The Senior Class



SOME things happen once, some happen twice, and some three times, but we are undoubtedly safe in saying that such a game of base ball as was played March 12, 1904, between the Faculty and the Senior Class of Wake Forest College will not, nor cannot, be repeated. For the sake of the future generations of Faculties and Seniors we would like to chronicle the happening of such an event.

But how shall we begin? How shall we compare that game to any other game of base ball, or how shall we lift the human imagination to such a height as to enable those who were so unfortunate as not to see the game to gather even the slightest conception of what it was like? If we could set forth great things by means of small things we would say that it was as if the Macedonian Phalanx had encountered the Tenth Legion of Rome, or that the Duke of Wellington was charging once more against the Old Guard of Napoleon.

The line-up of the opposing teams was as follows:

Faculty.		Seniors.
Dr. Pascal	Pitcher	Whistnant
Dr. Cooke	Catcher	Marsh
Dr. Brewer	First Base	Ray
Prof. Lake	Second Base	Ward
Dr. Rankin	Third Base	Bland
Prof. Howard	Shortstop	Footo
Prof. Poteat	Right Field	Vernon, H.
Dr. Lynch	Center Field	Weaver
Dr. Sykes	Left Field	Parham

From the moment the umpire said "Play ball" until the last man was struck out in the ninth inning, interest in the game did not flag. Things started off with a hop, skip and jump. The Faculty won the toss and took the bat. Dr. Pascal was the first man up. He seized the bat with both hands, letting go with one hand long enough to curl his mustache. Then, as usual, there followed a dreadful interval of unspeakable silence. Whistnant, who was doing the twirling act for the Seniors, shoved the ball squarely across the plate. But Dr. Pascal let that one pass unmolested on its way. It was not the kind for which he was looking. The umpire called "Strike one." Again the ball was seen to leave the pitcher's hand and start towards the home-plate, but it did not get there. Dr. Pascal stepped forward, met it on its way, and swatted it such a blow that all the earth trembled and rocked. The noise of the concussion was as if two planets, rushing toward each other, had met in high heaven. On and on flew the ball, meteor-like, through the air, over the left fielder's head, and in the meantime Dr. Pascal gained first base. Dr. Cooke, the next man up, lined one out in right field, gained first, and as nobody interfered with him, he came safely into port. Then followed Drs. Brewer, Rankin and Prof. Lake, all of whom struck the ball but failed to make safe hits. And the side was retired.

And now we were to see some playing! Dr. Pascal was in the box, while Dr. Cooke donned the catcher's mit, throwing aside the mask and breast protector, saying they were only used to display, but which he soon afterwards found were sometimes indispensable as the first ball across the plate caught him in the place where the breast protector ought to have been.

Holding down the first base was Dr. Brewer, who gave the spectators the impression that the ball had no chemical affinity for his mit. And on second was Prof. Lake, concerning whom it was the consensus of opinion that he and the ball were similarly electrified, as proved by the first law of attraction. And on third base was Dr. Rankin, his face wreathed in smiles like a country girl experiencing her first day at the fair; and Howard, looking as if he were preparing to perform one of the labors of Hercules, was on shortstop.

But out in the field was where the phenomenal plays were made. In the right field was Prof. Poteat, frantically waving his pseudopodia in the air whenever the ball happened to come towards him. And in the center was Dr. Lynch, towering above them all like some tall cliff lifting its head up to the stars. And in the left field was Dr. Sykes, who entered the game with the same high hopes as did McDowell at the battle of Bull Run—and, also like McDowell, he soon had to retire from the contest.

But a Senior was at the bat and the game was on. The first three Seniors up, Whistnant, Marsh and Ray, scored; and then Dr. Pascal got down to business and retired the next three in one, two, three order.

And again the Faculty was at the bat. Howard, first man up, caught the ball behind the ear and away it went, remaining suspended amid space long enough to enable him to gain third base. Prof. Poteat followed him. The first ball across the plate came a little too near his person, and he instinctively and unconsciously acted in the same manner as his old friend, Dick Amoeba, was accustomed to do. But he took a fresh grip on the bat, swung back and caught the next one fair, landing it safe in right field. It took the crowd some few seconds to realize what had happened, and then all heaven resounded with the terrible shouts, and the wooded hills round about gave back the echo. Howard came home and Prof. Poteat gained second. And next up came Dr. Lynch. And what a hit he made, and what base-running! In the olden days of the Olympian games, Coroebus brought off the prize for the fleetest runner of all Greece, but the dash that Dr. Lynch made for first base would have made the running of Coroebus pale into insignificance.

As the game progressed the spectacular playing at times approached the sublime. But there must be an end to all earthly things, and so the game closed. Seniors, 27. Faculty, 17.

Never since the time when the Vandals sacked Rome and humbled the pride of the haughtiest race the world has ever seen, was a people so humiliated as was the Venerable Faculty when they were overcome by the Lordly Seniors. But be it said to their memory, nevertheless, that they did game.



Tennis Club

OFFICERS

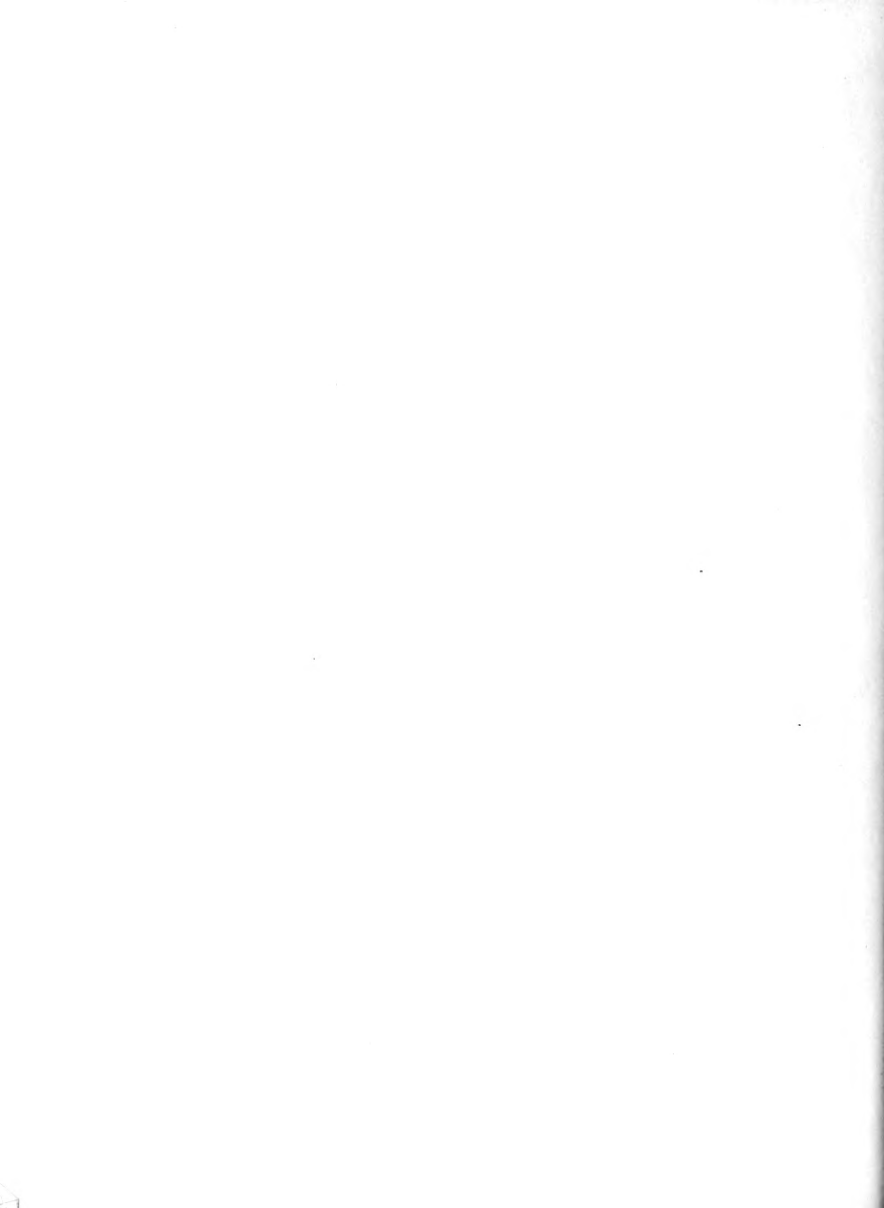
President	HUBERT M. POLEAL
Vice-President	JAS. B. TURNER
Secretary	C. RAY SMITH
Treasurer	JAS. D. PROCTOR

MEMBERS

T. M. BIZZELL	G. W. JUSTICE	J. L. SMITH
S. F. CALDWELL	R. L. KENDRICK	J. J. THOMAS, JR.
E. W. COOKE	W. LENNON	T. S. TRANHAM
B. W. COVINGTON	TERRY A. LYON	GEO. TRAMMELL
D. A. COVINGTON	J. W. MITCHELL	E. A. TURNER
R. D. COVINGTON	WM. D. POE	JAS. B. TURNER
ELIJAH COX	H. M. POLEAL	H. J. VANN
E. B. EARNSHAW	L. M. POWELL	W. HARVEY VANN
S. R. EDWARDS	B. L. POWERS	J. H. VERNON, JR.
M. E. FORREST	J. D. PROCTOR	T. D. WALKER
D. B. HARWELL	O. P. RICHARDSON	E. F. WARD
D. F. HARWELL	W. L. ROYALL	V. O. WEATHERS
LISBON JACKSON	E. F. SHAW	J. B. WEATHERSDOON
C. H. JENKINS	C. R. SMITH	H. L. WIGGS
	W. L. WYATT	



TENNIS CLUB





Golf Club

President	ROEF. G. CAMP
Vice-President	H. L. WIGGS

MOULDS

"Aim at the moon if you hit a stump"

MEMBERS

R. G. CAMP	G. S. FOOTE	J. D. PROCTOR
E. W. COOKE	B. D. McDANIEL	B. J. RAY
DR. F. K. COOKE	B. W. PARHAM	H. L. WIGGS



ANNIVERSARY SPEAKERS

VERNON

MARSH

BARNES, President

WHISNAUT

CRITCHER

WARD, Secretary

BUND

FLETCHER

To Phyllis

Prithee, Phyllis, why so fickle,
Wilt thou never constant be
Till old Time comes with his sickle
To cut short thy life for thee?
If alone thou wish to test me,
Then I pray the gods above
That they never more will bless me
If I merit not your love.

Prithee, Phyllis, cease coquetting,
Thou wilt break my heart in twain
If thou still persist in fretting
All my passion into pain.
Pretty Phyllis, nought can measure
All the love I feel for you,
For, indeed, thou art a treasure
Such as kings might covet, too.

CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

“Grinds”

- Hide him where I may never see him more. NEWISH MATTHEWS
So solid swells thy grandeur pigmy man. EDWIN COOKE
Old sand in the failing glass of time. DELKE PEARCE
They show equal poverty of mind. COVINGTON'S LATIN CLASS
Make less thy body hence and more thy grace. GRAHAM WALL
The plaything of a casual wind. DR. COOKE
He peeps and sickens at the sight of day. "BOB" TOON
Wherefore sleepest thou so sound. TRANTHAM
And when he danced—Oh, heaven, his dancing. MARSH
Arcades ambo, id est, blackguards, both. WALTER TOON AND LAVON T.
Drawn by conceit from reason's plan. KITCHEN
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. HUGH JOHNSON
An infant empty of all thought. WILLIS
He wears trousers therefore let him pass for a man. CHAS. JENKINS
Some men are born fools, some achieve idiocy and the rest of us have them thrust
upon us. THE FACULTY
The rattling tongue of saucy and audacious emptiness. BEN COVINGTON
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. HUFFMAN
Twin brother to a match. EDMUNDS
His looks argue him replete with modesty. WILLIE WYATT
"Like twin cherries hanging on a parent stem." PARKER TWINS
"A ship without a rudder." GID WOOD
"Men are but children of a larger growth." SMITH, C. R.
"Some secret venom preys upon his heart." BIVENS
"Be careful lest thy mouth envelope thy whole face." TRAMMELL
"A cross 'twint what?" "HOOS" VERNON
"The last of the Mohicans." BRO. HENLEY
"Mislike me not for my complexion." CHILLEY
"He was a man of unbounded stomach." COVINGTON, D. A.
"And laud the laugh that speaks the vacant mind." CAMP
"The helpless bark of blooming infancy." LITTLE NEWISH JENKINS
"Mine after life! what is mine after life?" SENIOR CLASS
"Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child." NEWISH HARDAWAY
"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean." "FATTY" MITCHELL

- "The love he bore to learning was in fault." FORREST
- "Grim reader, did you ever see a ghost?" P. D. MANGUM
- "None but thyself can be thy parallel." EARN-SHAW
- "A smile, a ghostly, withering smile." LEONARD
- "Gnats are unnoticed, wheresoe'er they fly." CALDWELL
- "Surely thy hair has rusted." HINES, SPENCE, and PROCTOR
- "For none more likes to hear himself converse." PATTON
- "He stands confirmed in full stupidity." WAGONER
- "What is this so withered and so wild in his attire." JOHNSON, W. O.
- "All but you widowed solitary thing." DR. PASCHAL
- "Fiery souls which working out their way
Fretted the pigmy bodies to decay." DRS. COOKE and GORRELL
- "Oh pray thee, cease,
I cannot hear those sounds again." GLEE CLUB
- "One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity." FOOTE
- "What's in a name." NANNY
- "Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore." BEACH
- "Who as they sung would take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium."
FACULTY QUARTET
- "There are moments of life we never forget." ANNIVERSARY
- "As bold as Daniel in the lion's den." "PUG" ALLEN
- "So full of ugly dreams, of ugly sights." XMAS GIFTS
- "All that glitters is not gold." WEAVER
- "For genius (?) swells more strong and clear
When close confined—like bottled beer." FLETCHER
- "Darkness there and nothing more." "BIG" NEWTON
- "That vain pretense to wisdom I detest." GOODWIN
- "Nature hath overdone herself and combined three in one." PARHAM
- "I never saw so much devil in so small a vessel." JOHN MITCHEL
- "A wild onion run to seed." ROY V.
- "Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant." PIGOT, J.
- "But who did bid thee join with us." CHARLES
- "I know thee not. I never heard thy voice." SIOVALL
- "Forever silent and forever sad." JEAN TURNER
- "Spreading himself like a green bay tree." PROF. CARLYLE
- "High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy." PROF. MILLS
- "Golden opinions from all sorts of people." DR. ROYALL
- "To be well shaken." DR. RANKIN

- “He was full of joke and jest.” PROF. SLEDD
 “Barber, barber, shove a pig;
 How many hairs would make a *wig*?” PROF. LAKE
 “Aye, in the catalogue, ye go for men.” NEWISH
 “And lords the lean earth as he walks along.” TUBBY BREWER
 “A momentous question—What time is it?” JUNIOR ENGLISH CLASS
 “Wee, *modest* crimson-tipped flower.” STEPHENSON
 “So much to do! So little done.” POWERS B.
 “Neat—not gaudy.” “PETE” OLIVE
 “No sight was ever seen but that he had seen a bigger,
 No story was ever told but that he could tell a better.” “PREACH” HARDAWAY
 “’Tis sweet to love, but oh! how bitter
 To love a girl and then not ‘git’ her.” TOM VERNON
 “Forbidding in looks, yet jolly as a friar.” JOHN IVEY SMITH
 “The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle,
 That’s curded by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian’s temple: Dear Valeria!” EDITOR’S CHOICE.

At their wit’s end.

When

- Will the base ball team win a game ?
Will the trustees allow football ?
Will the Seniors become a harmonious unit ?
Will Newish cease to be fresh ?
Will Gid Wood buy some tobacco ?
Will King stop beating cigarettes ?
Will "high waters" go out of style ?
Will Proctor stop whistling "The Rambler" ?
Will the bath room be open again ?
Will Chas. Jenkins go to Richmond ?
Will Dr. Paschal get married ?
Will Bob Camp not be lazy ?
Will Delke Pearce graduate ?
Will Hugh Story pluck the "Winton Rose" ?
Will Mort Forrest get a hair cut ?
Will Prof. Lake find X ?
Will Willis pass on Ethics ?
Will "Fatty" Mitchell awake earlier than 12 A. M. ?
Will the Glee Club take another trip ?
Will Dr. Cooke again sing the "Stein Song" as he did in Franklin ?
Will Dr. Rankin extirpate the bookworm ?
Will Gaston Foote be the handsomest man in college ?
Will James Royall brush his hair properly ?
Will Weaver become editor of the *Baltimore Sun* ?
Will Harvey Picot cease to be bow-legged ?
Will *The Student* come out on time ?
Will Long learn that Virginia doesn't belong to England ?

Wants

- Wanted—A governess.—EDWIN COOK
- Wanted—An attentive Astronomy Class.—PROF. LANSFAM
- Wanted—Seventy-five on Ethics.—JOE CULLOM
- Wanted—A cigarette.—BRONBY KING
- Wanted—A doughface.—HOBBS VERNON
- Wanted—Something ; no matter what.—CHAS. JENKINS
- Wanted—No more Biology.—CLYDE
- Wanted—Some one else to love.—FOOTE
- Wanted—Another heart to break.—PARHAM
- Wanted—A Logic Class that can make over 80.—DR. TAYLOR
- Wanted—A remedy for once it.—KITCHIN
- Wanted—Some one to contest with me in eating.—DAVID COVINGTON
- Wanted—A "Jack" to Ethics.—BRO. BOOTH
- Wanted—A few hours' sleep.—BURTON RAY
- Wanted—Two volumes of WARD returned to the library.—PROF. STEED
- Wanted—Five dollars for roses.—GEORGE GOODMAN
- Wanted—The man who blacked "Boots?"—DR. COOK

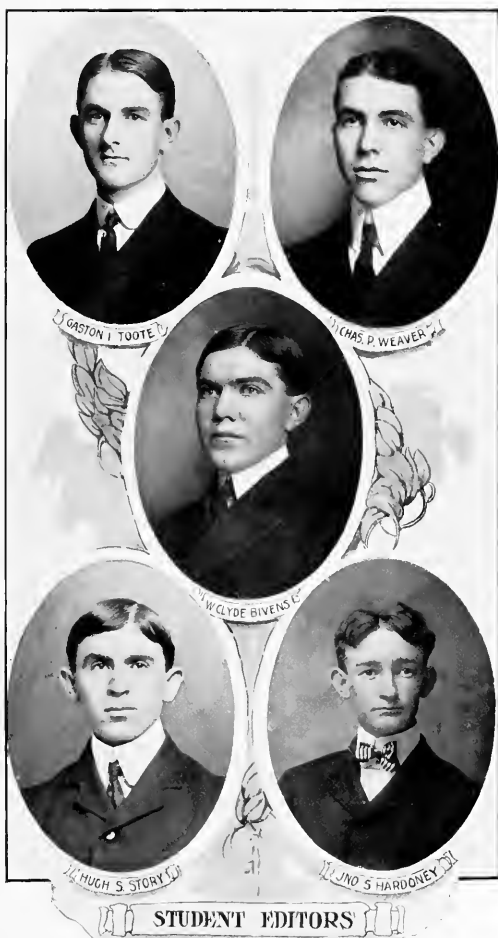
Some Students and Their Favorite Songs

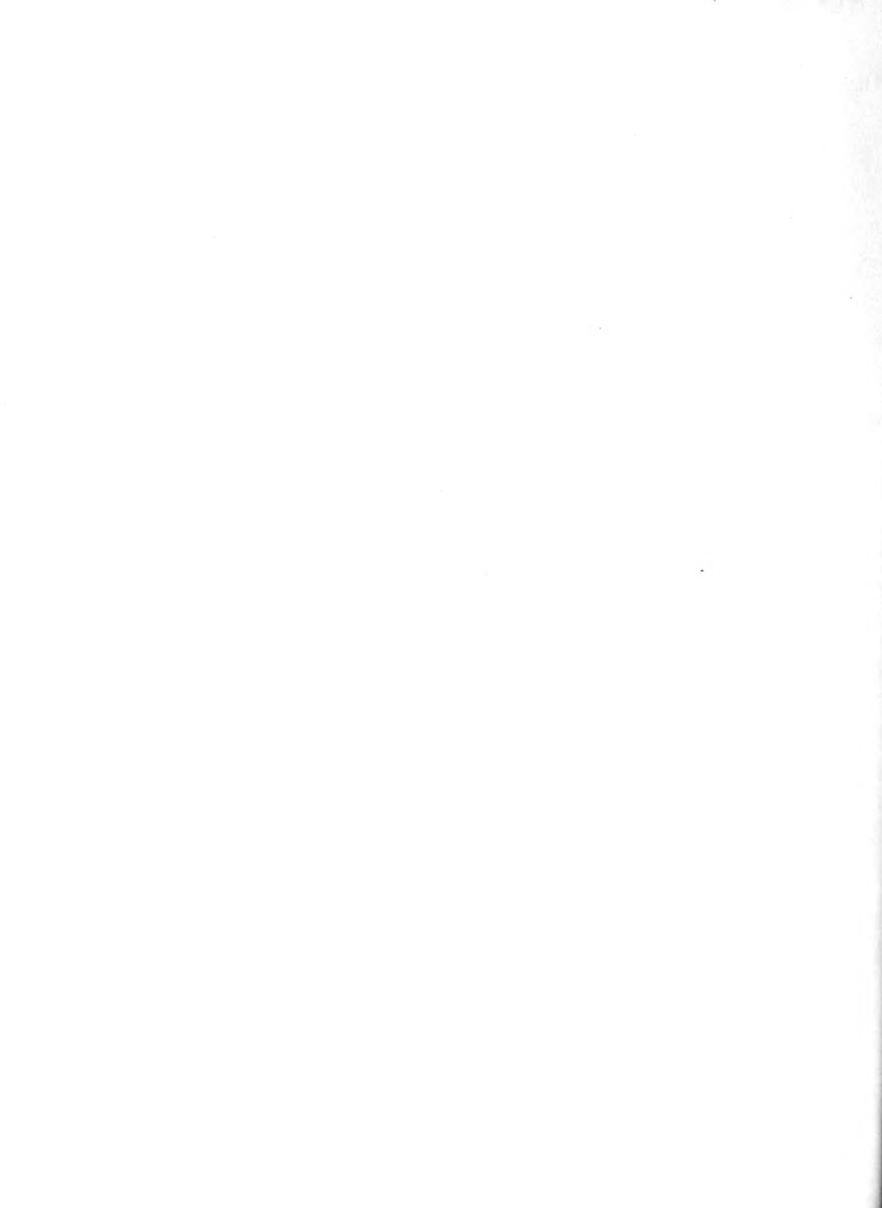
"Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"	DAVID COVINGTON
"Show Me the Way to Go Home"	HUGH JOHNSON
"There's a Longing in My Heart for Thee, Louise"	DELKE PEARCE
"Tho' Faint Yet Pursuing"	HUBERT POTEAT
"If Only She Were Mine"	DR. PASCHAL
"Down in the Cornfield"	SAM HOWARD
"I'm Leading a Gentleman's Life"	THURMAN KITCHIN
"Last Rose of Summer"	HUGH STORY
"He Leadeth Me"	PROF. LAKE
"Annie Rooney"	PROF. EATMAN
"Old Love Letters"	GASTON FOOTE
"Violets"	BOB CAMP
"Good-bye Booze"	"DOC." WARD
"The Girl I Left in Sunny Tennessee"	WRAV
"Where the Good Lager Flows"	MACDUFFIE
"Love is All in All"	BEN PARHAM
"Hello Man with the Ugly Mug"	"HOUS" VERNON
"My STAR Will be Shining"	"MORT" FORREST
"The Rambler"	PROCTOR
"Maude"	"PREACH" HARDAWAY
"Stay in Your Own Backyard"	CHAS. JENKINS
"It Was Not Thus to Be"	TRAMMELL
"Twiddle-Bits"	"TUBEY" BREWER
"There's a LAND That Is Fairer Than Day"	WALL BAGLEY
"Ching-a-Ling Lou"	CHINAMAN GREEN
"What Shall the Harvest Be?"	"TED" SHAW
"My Money Never Gives Out"	EDWIN COOKE
"Stein Song"	DR. COOKE
"Sammy" and "Mr. Dooley"	JAMES ROYALL
"Who Sprung the Lock?"	BURTON RAY
"Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep"	"FATTY" MITCHELL
"Sweet Katharine"	HEBER VANN

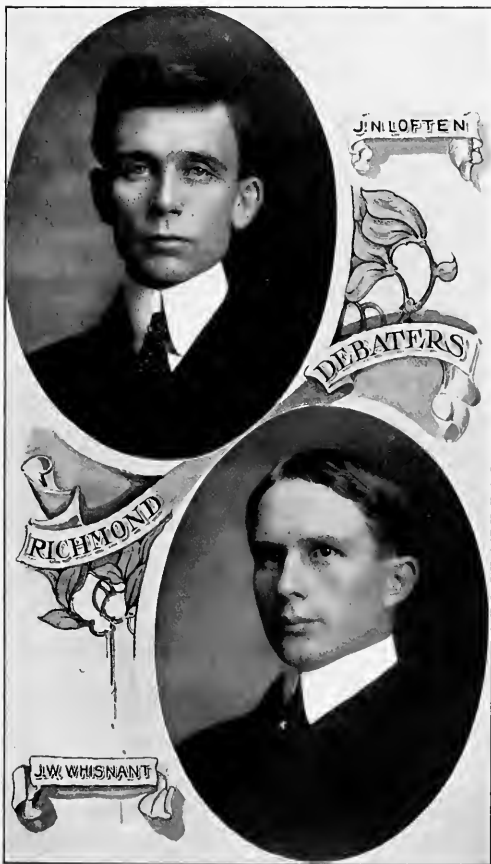
Inspiration

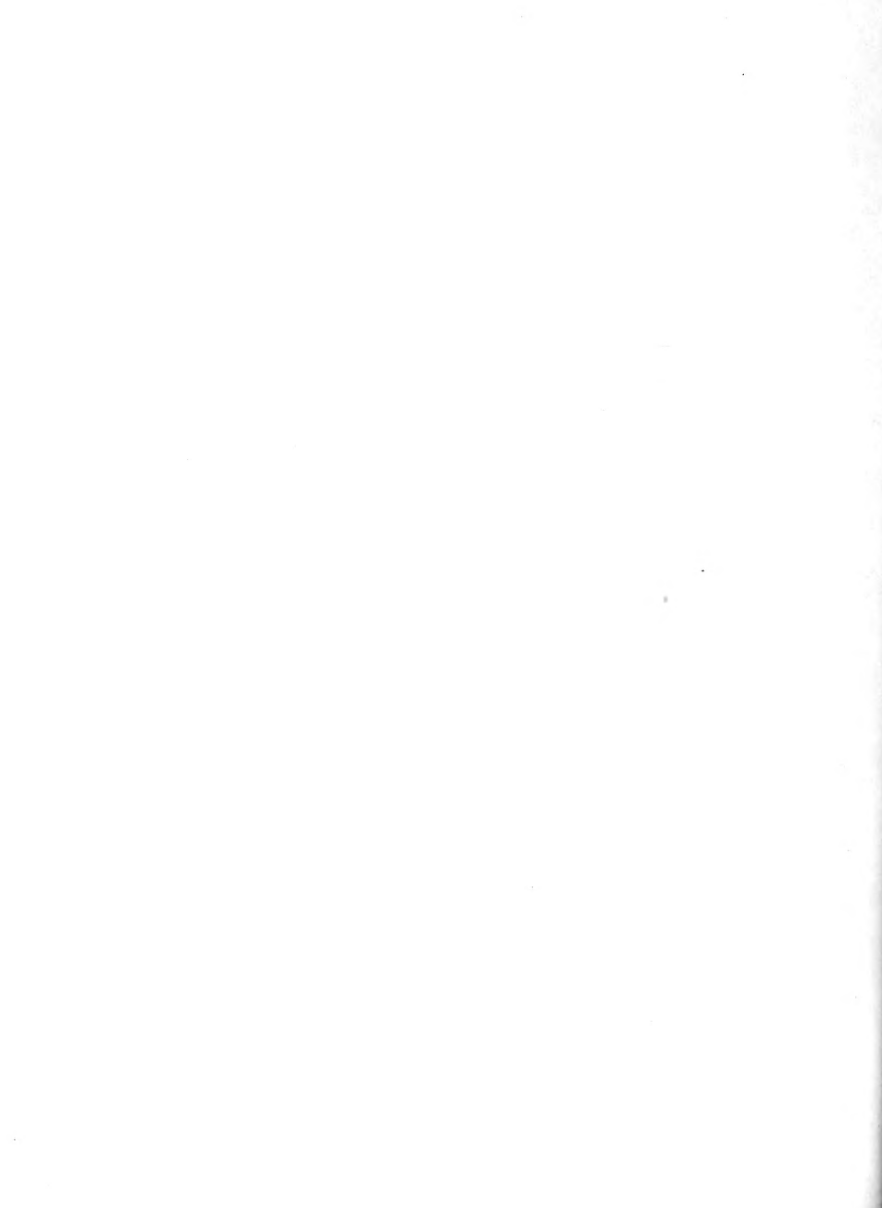
The hills are steep, dear heart,
Come, lay your hand in mine,
And I will reach that topmost peak
Whereon the sinking sun doth shine
And carve thy name and mine
Beyond the biting rust of Time.

CHARLES P. WEAVER.













Howler Contest

Most Popular Student	A. I. FLETCHER
Most Prominent Student	J. W. WHISNANT
Most Studious Student	JESSE GARDNER
Ugliest Student	H. W. VERNON
Most Conceited Student	O. W. KING
Neatest Dressed Student	P. J. OLIVE
Freshest Newish	G. M. TRAMMELL
Best Athlete	S. W. BAGLEY
Most College Spirited	B. J. RAY
Most Popular Professor	PROF. EATMAN

Editorial




THE editors place the second issue of THE HOWLER in the hands of the students and patrons of Wake Forest College, hoping that it will be read and enjoyed for the sake of the old college. As we have mentioned elsewhere, we have been handicapped by lack of time, as well as by the sickness of three of our board.

We offer to you the best production which we are able to put out under the circumstances. While some members of the student body have been very kind in assisting us, by far the greater majority have turned a deaf ear to our appeals for aid. We mean by this that they have not helped us in the matter of material—in other ways they have loyally supported THE HOWLER, and we thank them, but this kind of support does not count in getting out an annual. Now, if anyone feels that our work does not represent the student-body as a whole, let him blame himself and not the editors.

Again, we insist that the students patronize those firms who have kindly given us advertisements. We feel that this is nothing but just and right. It is your duty to help the man who helps you. And in matters in which you can do so we ask you to support our patrons.

We desire to return thanks to Prof. Eatman for his assistance in getting our work in presentable shape, and for the many points which he has given us in regard to our efforts. We also thank the other members of the faculty who have so kindly given whatever aid we have asked of them.

Her Highness Indefiniteness

"NDEFINITENESS!"

The voice calling was evidently masculine, but the cognomen of the one called gave no clue as to what gender it possessed.

"Well?"

A pretty girl of nineteen stood in the threshold and surveyed the flord youth swinging lazily in the hammock on the verandah.

"Will your highness deign to go boating with your humble servant?"

"Her highness will not," and with a queenly little flourish she turned on her heels and was gone.

"Drat these women," said Lyonel Gray. "They will let a man die of the blues before they will give him the exquisite pleasure of burning himself black under a scorching sun, and incidentally give him a few pleasant moments of conversation. Well, I suppose I am allowed to go by my lonesome."

He sauntered down the broad driveway which led to the country home, his broad shoulders disappearing in a cloud of tobacco smoke in the direction of the boat-house. In his hand he carried a volume of verse, and, after arriving at his destination, decided to read a little before pulling the placid lake.

The house-party which Mrs. Dr. Gwynn had planned, and which her doting husband had attempted to carry out, had proven a dismal failure, for the guests had declined on pretexts of other engagements, with the exception of her niece, Majorie, and Lyonel Gray, the son of an old school-mate of Dr. Gwynn.

Despite the absence of the other invited guests these two had made themselves very comfortable, and enjoyed themselves immensely. Each day was taken up with golf, tennis, boating, horseback riding, and the kindly attention of Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn had made them wish that the summer would not end.

So interested had Lyonel Gray become in the contents of his book that he failed to notice that a shadow had approached and was now standing over him, swinging a tennis racket dangerously near his head.

Presently the shadow volunteered to speak.

"Well, are you going to sit there forever, bent over that old book?"

Lyonel raised his head.

"What will your Highness Indefiniteness have?"

"Just at this particular moment Her Highness would have the gentleman cease reading and talk to her."

"At your service," said that gentleman. "Shall we play tennis?" looking at the swinging racket.

"No, it is too hot, and then there is always too much love for me in it. Besides I have changed my mind. I want to go boating."

Lyonel drew the boat up to the landing and the girl stepped in. He took up the oars.

"Whither?"

"Oh, I don't know."

They allowed the boat to drift aimlessly awhile, and then pulled up to the bank at the farther side of the lake, when Lyonel proposed a tramp to the old mill-house across the field. The girl assented, and they strolled leisurely along, totally oblivious of their surroundings.

"Indefiniteness, I love you."

"Now, don't be silly."

"I was never more serious in my life. I do love—"

The sentence was not finished, for immediately behind them appeared a large Jersey bull, tearing down upon them, bellowing with rage, his nostrils expanded.

They barely escaped by jumping aside, and Lyonel immediately began looking for a place of safety before the enraged bull had time to stop and turn upon the intruders.

An oak held out a beckoning hand to them, and they ran for it, reaching it not a moment too soon, for the furious bull was upon them again. They clambered up and perched themselves upon the lowest branches, while the irate beast pawed the ground furiously at the base of the tree.

The escapade was like that of two little children, and they laughed gleefully at the distempered beast, who shook his horns defiantly at them.

"Now," said Lyonel, "we're in for it. His royal majesty seems inclined to wait for your Highness," as the beast kept tramping round and round the tree. "Since we are quarantined, as it were, for awhile, I shall complete my sentence—I love you."

The maiden at his side was silent. The sudden declaration and the narrow escape had sobered her beyond her wont.

"Do you really?" she asked naively.

"I do, dearest, and now be definite for once, do you love me?"

The sun was sinking behind the hills, and the shadows were creeping around the ancient tree in which they sat. The bull, gradually forgetting his anger, and hearing the far-off tinkle of the herd as they returned to the shelter for the night, left the two refugees in peace.

"We must be going. Aunt Bettie will be distracted if we are late."

They scrambled down from the tree and began the journey across the lake. It was dark now and the stars were out. The full moon rose over the treetops and looked gently down upon them. The journey was made in silence, the man pulling at the oars, the woman lost in thought.

At last the boat grated on the sandy bank, and they began the homeward journey up the big, broad driveway, where in the distance the lights of the house twinkled. Neither spoke until they were nearly to the verandah. Then the woman touched gently the arm of her companion, and whispered softly in his ear, "I love you, dear," but before he could turn she was off like a frightened deer, and he was alone.

CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

A Love Lyric

Life's but a day, love ; life's but a day ;
Come and drink at Pleasure's well
They who love and will not tell,
Never know the magic spell—
Life's but a day.

Life's but a day, love ; life's but a day ;
Look ! your hair is growing gray.
'Tis eventide, no longer May ;
Will you love me, now I pray ?
Life's but a day.

CHAS. PRESTON WEAVER.

Cupid's Will



R. CENTE was professor of Astronomy at Vandewater College, and, to trust the conclusion of his students and fellow-professors, had gone daft on the planet Mars. He believed honestly that it was the home of a highly civilized people, and said so every chance he had.

Thirty summers had gone into the silent chambers of the past since he first opened his little blue eyes and smiled on the world. His eyes were still blue, but seldom now did his manly, handsome lips bear even the suggestion of a smile. He was lost to the outside world, and saw nothing to make him smile. He was interested in Astronomy and nothing else. He lived within himself. Not even the bewitching caprices of cultured femininity could draw him out. He despised girls, though many a cap had been set for him.

No wonder, then, he was surprised when the office boy met him on the campus and handed him an almost indetectably scented letter, addressed in a bold, yet delicate, hand.

It intimated that he was surprised at the unopened letter, but to say he was surprised at the contents would be far too weak to give you a conception of his feelings. It is impolite, I know, but let's read over his shoulder while he is reading:

"Dr. Powell Cente:

DEAR SIR,—I have heard, since I came to the earth, that you were interested in the study of my home, the planet Mars.

"I came down Thursday night in my airship. If you will call to see me at once, before the wonderful beauties of your earth bewilder me, I think I can satisfy you on many points that you are in doubt about. But before I close I must tell you: you can not see me unless you promise to keep in absolute secrecy our meeting. I have many reasons for this: one ought to satisfy you. Your impudent reporters will besiege me so that I cannot make the observations I came to make.

"Remember, if you see me, you promise on your word and honor.

"Call to see me at Mrs. Swinburn's, on College Street, at 7.30.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ZELMA YEATS."

Seven-thirty found him at Mrs. Swinburn's door. His tie was faultlessly tied, and adorned with an unusual pin. His feet were encased in new patent-leather shoes, and his body was clothed in a broadcloth Prince Albert; all an unusual dress for him, but he felt that he was doing an unusual thing.

Mrs. Swinburn met him, led him to the parlor, introduced him to Miss Yeats, and discreetly withdrew.

His first thought was: "She is certainly large enough and pretty enough to be an inhabitant of Mars"—she was six-feet-four, proportionately large, and pretty too.

Miss Yeats broke in on his thoughts. "Dr. Cente, I am afraid you will think I did wrong in writing you, but in my country it is not wrong for a young girl to do what I have done, if she can help some one by it."

"Well, er-er—I—you did not do wrong. I am glad you wrote me."

Ignoring his embarrassment she led him on.

"Now, Dr. Cente, do not hesitate to ask me about anything you want to know, for I believe we are a long way ahead of you in civilization, and you can learn many things from us.

"Now, for instance, take airships. You never have made a successful one. Every summer you make one or two trials. In this country, in France, and all over the world you are trying, when we have had them for years. They are our most common mode of travel and conveyance.

"Automobiles? Why I have one that has been handed down through our family for four generations, as an heirloom; they replaced horses years and years ago.

"You people down here look on Marconi as the greatest scientist of your times.

"Why, you are just coming along in our footsteps; we have had wireless telegraphy so long that you cannot find a telegraph wire in the whole country. I wish you could see the old files of our papers containing the comments and predictions of some of our scientists when it was first established.

"I could go on in this way indefinitely, but it will only tire, and not instruct you, so you go ahead and tell me some of the things you have observed with your great telescopes."

"Miss Yeats, I must confess your tale is wonderful, but I am not surprised in the least. For a long time, I have believed you were a highly civilized people.

"It is conceded by all that you have an atmosphere, and that you have vegetation; your satellites, too, and many other physical phenomena have attracted our attention.

"The wonderful regularity of your waterways has interested and puzzled us for years; theory after theory has been advanced, but none are satisfactory."

"Ah! Dr. Cente, there you have struck our hobby. Indeed we have the most perfect system of irrigation in the whole universe. Your attempts at irrigation in the West are mere child's-play compared to ours.

"We have canals hundreds of miles long connecting our great lakes and water-basins. Your little thirty-mile canal down at Panama is raising a storm in your own country, and attracting the attention of the whole world, while in Mars it would attract no more attention than the farmer digging his ditch across the cornfield in your country.

"Necessity has made us cultivate this art. We have no rains; the water we have flows down from our melting polar caps, and collects in these natural basins. We must have it for our farms and cities, the canals are the only system we can use to get it."

"But you must be a gigantic people to carry on such work."

"Yes, we are giants compared with your average man. I am the smallest member of our whole kingdom; that is why I came. I can go among you without attracting so much attention; thus I am able to study your laws and customs as a natural Marisian could not do.

"To give you a better idea let me tell you a story my old grandmother used to tell me:

"It was a story of a very tiny man who came to our country, named Dean Swift. Our queen kept him a long time as a court curiosity. He would amuse the courtiers quite often by taking notes and telling them he would write his people a story of our race some day. I have learned since that he did actually write the story of his trip, calling us Brobdingnogs.

"Of course the construction of our waterways necessitates an enormous amount of work, but our people are large, and they are aided by machines and contrivances that involve the principles of perfection itself, so that it is easy to construct them in a short time.

"Now, Dr. Cente, do not think me rude, but I fear I shall weary you with painting the glories of my country, and, too, I have an engagement to go to the State farm to see your prisoners begin their work, at six o'clock in the morning."

For three hours Dr. Cente sat at the feet of Zelma Yeats listening to stories that had been his dreams for years. What she told him had been well planned.

She was a gay, rollicking, mischievous college girl, and had gone to Vandewater to spend part of her vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Swinburn. She soon learned of Dr. Cente's fads, and together with her two cousins, Louise and Louie Swinburn, had planned the joke.

So far it had worked all right, but could they carry it out? Yes! Yes! Dr. Cente, in answer to another invitation from Zelma, was coming again.

This time, having exhausted her knowledge of astronomy, she would not talk of her country, but told him she came to learn of his, and expected him to tell her all he could.

This seemed to appeal to his vanity, and he plunged in on the glories of his age, and the possibilities and probabilities of those to come.

His tale seemed to be of the endless variety, had not his fair *vis a vis* from Mars reminded him that under no circumstances did Mrs. Swinburn "knock off" later than 11.30.

The three girls were satisfied with their joke, and the next morning, Dr. Cente received this note:

"Dr. Cente, are you an absolute fool?"

"Yours sincerely,

"ZELMA YEATS."

Miss Yeats received this curt reply:

"No. May I see you to-night?"

"Yours sincerely,

"POWELL CENTE."

E. A. TURNER.

The History of Wake Forest College



JUST seventy years ago, in the spring of 1834, a correspondent on a flying trip through North Carolina, wrote to a religious journal at the North a most gloomy letter about the physical as well as the moral aspects of the State. One thing, at least, he found that was hopeful: "They have kindled," says he, "a light in the Wake Forest Institute that I trust will soon shed its beams over the whole State." Even had he taken time for accurate observation, he would have found the Baptists of the State neither so numerous as now nor so well organized for effective work. Among them, however, was a number of able preachers who would in nowise be abashed in the presence of their brethren of this later day. Of these might be mentioned William Hooper, Thomas Meredith, John Kerr, H. Trotman, James McDaniel, Patrick W. Dowd, Samuel Wait, Josiah Crudup, John Armstrong, and others.

Like most of the older institutions of learning in this country, Wake Forest College had its origin in the pious and wise forethought which aimed primarily to secure the education of the ministry. Before the year 1829 the "Benevolent Society" had been organized by prominent Baptists for the more effectual dissemination of the gospel throughout the State. At its regular meeting held in Greenville, Pitt County, March 26-29, 1830, a resolution was passed dissolving the society and transferring its funds to the Baptist State Convention, which was thereupon immediately organized. One of the primary objects of this convention, as stated in article second of its constitution, was "the education of young men called of God to the ministry." To this work the convention thus committed itself, but no active measures were taken respecting it until the next meeting, held at Cross Roads Church, Wake County, April 15-18, 1831. At that time the convention accepted the offer of Rev. John Armstrong, of New Berne, to educate young preachers, and the board of managers were directed to send to him or to some school such young ministers as they should approve, and to defray the expense so far as the funds of the convention would allow.

Such was the original plan, and so far as appears, no one at that time thought of a college. Indeed, after the Institute had been determined upon and its plans published, nay, for several years after its opening, there was no little murmuring in some quarters that the constitution did not contemplate and gave no warrant for the establishment of a school to which any but ministers should be admitted.

But in order that these might be educated, a well-organized school was seen to be indispensable. Besides, systematic manual labor in garden or farm in connection with mental application was then held in high esteem. A number of institutions were organized on this plan, such as the Virginia Baptist Seminary, Mercer Seminary, Georgia; Maine Wesleyan Seminary; Oneida Institute, New York; Cumberland College, and Pennsylvania Manual Labor Institute. It was, accordingly, deemed wise on account of both health and economy to provide

those receiving instruction with means of manual labor. The expense involved in this plan could not be met by the probable amount of theological patronage, especially since ministerial students were to be educated almost free of charge. It was decided, therefore, to open a general school to which would be admitted any young gentleman of good character, and the income of which was expected to pay nearly all the expenses, including those of ministerial students. At the meeting of the convention held at Reeves's Meeting-House, Chatham County, August 3-7, 1832, this was definitely recommended by the committee on education, William Hooper, chairman, and the convention unanimously resolved, August 4, 1832, to "purchase a suitable farm and to adopt other preliminary measures for the establishment of a Baptist literary institution in this State upon the mutual labor principle." Before the close of the month a committee appointed to carry the resolution into effect purchased for \$2,000 Dr. Calvin Jones's farm of six hundred and fifteen acres, about sixteen miles north of Raleigh, the members of the committee themselves advancing the deficit of the subscriptions already secured.

For many years before this important event the community in which the farm lay had been known as Wake Forest, probably so named because its original growth of timber was so fine as to win by pre-eminence the designation of the Forest of Wake (County) or Wake Forest. Accordingly, the board of managers at their meeting in Raleigh, September 25, 1832, resolved that the institution should be called "The Wake Forest Institute." At that time it was hoped it might be opened in February following, but on December 15 the board at a meeting in Raleigh decided to postpone the beginning of operations to February, 1834. For the year 1833 the farm was committed to the care of reliable men in the neighborhood. On May 10 of that year Rev. Samuel Wait, A.M., a native of New York, and then general agent of the convention, was appointed principal of the Institute. He had come to North Carolina on an agency for Columbian College, Washington, several years before, and by peculiar providential circumstances had been led to make New Berne his home. The next year, May 3, by the board of trustees, he was elected president and "Professor of Moral Philosophy and General Literature." He resigned November 26, 1844.

The importance of his work for the institution is signaled by the inscription on marble in the front of the Library Building: "Rev. Samuel Wait, D.D., Founder and First President of Wake Forest College."

A meager charter for the Institute was obtained from the Legislature of 1833-34, and that only by the liberal views and manliness of an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, Mr. William D. Mosely, Speaker of the Senate, who gave the casting vote in its favor. Here was a crisis in its history, for no one can measure the depression which failure would have produced in the friends and supporters of the infant enterprise. On the first Monday of February, 1834, the exercises were opened with about twenty-five students in attendance, which number was increased to seventy in August following. What did these first students find on reaching Wake Forest? On the spot where now stands the imposing Old Building, they found a small but comfortable frame dwelling. To the right, about where the Library stands, was the garden, both its site and

embellishment still marked by the everlasting jonquils just now venturing into the chill spring air as they did in those olden days. From a window of the magnificent public hall in the Wingate Memorial Building one may look directly down upon what was then the horse-lot. Near-by was the carriage house, sixteen feet by twenty-four, in which Mr. Wait gathered his heterogeneous charge for lectures or morning prayers. For dormitories several good log cabins were principally relied on. The hoe and plow were not out of sight of the blackboard and desk, for it will be remembered manual labor on the farm was to begin the same day with mental labor among the books.

The regulations of the manual labor department at first required of the students every day, except Saturdays, three hours labor in the fields; the time, however, was decreased to one hour afterwards, and after about four years the system was abandoned altogether.

In May after the opening in February, the trustees held a meeting at the Institute, and took action looking to the better accommodation of the students already entered and provision for more who desired to enter. In December the plan of what is now known as the Old Building was submitted to the trustees by Mr. Ligon, and was adopted. Captain John Berry contracted to build it for \$14,000 and have it ready for use by January, 1837. It was not completed, however, until 1838. Its dimensions are one hundred and thirty-two by sixty-five, four stories high, having comfortable dormitories for about one hundred students. It was a bold, but as time showed, a fortunate undertaking. The immediate erection of the building was made possible by the devotion of the building committee and others who pledged their personal estates to the cause. In spite of the prevailing indifference on the subject of education, in spite of active opposition, open and covert, starting with nothing but zeal and deep faith in the undertaking on the part of its promoters, its success was at once marvelous. In two and a half years there were one hundred and twenty students, and the \$14,000 building was nearly completed. The charter was amended by the Legislature, December 26, 1838, Wake Forest Institute becoming Wake Forest College, with power to confer the usual college degrees. Its property was also relieved from taxation, the time of the charter was extended and the amount of property to be held was increased to \$250,000.

By the year 1848 the liabilities of the College were \$20,000, the largest items of which were \$10,000 borrowed from the Literary Fund of the State, and the balance due on the building. Some thought of giving up and offering the whole thing for sale. Dr. Hooper, president of the College, resigned; so did the president of the board of trustees. At their annual meeting during Commencement the board adjourned with no plan or suggestion to meet its obligations, although Rev. James S. Purefoy had proposed to be one of twenty or of ten to assume the debt. He had always been a faithful and most liberal supporter of the College. At this time he saved it. The day after that gloomy Commencement Mr. Purefoy, then residing at Forestville, one mile from Wake Forest, sent for Dr. Wait to confer with him about the trouble. The next day Mr. Purefoy subscribed \$1,000 and Dr. Wait \$500. Fired by these noble examples, the friends of the College living near in the next day or two carried up the amount to \$5,000. With this beginning and the active work of an agent during the year, the trustees in

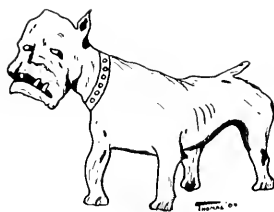
June, 1849, were able to make arrangements for the complete liquidation of the debt on the College.

The most notable administration in the history of the College was that of Dr. W. M. Wingate, not simply on account of its length, but because, as many think, he conducted it through its supreme crisis, the suspension on account of the Civil War. He was a native of Darlington, S. C. Graduating from Wake Forest College in 1849, he was appointed its general agent in 1854. He was elected its president in June, 1856, which position he held with unusual success and honor till his death, February 27, 1879. In no year of his administration did he see the income of the College meet its expenses. True, on November 7th, 1856, a substantial movement for endowment was made at the meeting of the State Convention in Raleigh, when \$25,000 were subscribed in one hour and the actual invested endowment reached the sum of \$46,000 by 1861; but just when that was becoming available, the great wreck came, out of which the emaciated College emerged with about \$14,000. Dr. Wingate lived long enough, however, to see the prophetic streaks of the near dawn. He had seen the Library Building erected by the munificence of two prominent Baptists of Raleigh, Colonel J. M. Heck and the late Mr. John G. Williams, costing in all about \$11,000, and plans for what afterwards became the Wingate Memorial had been set on foot. The latter building, one hundred and two feet by sixty, with a central projection in front of ten feet, containing on the first floor a small chapel and four superior recitation-rooms, and on the second the largest and best public hall in the State, was ready for use at the Commencement of 1880.

Again in 1874 and 1875, Rev. Mr. Purefoy, by a successful agency in some of the Northern cities, rescued the embarrassed and all but sinking institution. The \$10,000 raised then made possible and gave the impetus towards its present endowment.

Professor Charles E. Taylor, of the Chair of Latin, in November, 1882, undertook the raising of the \$54,000 endowment to \$100,000. His colleagues taught his classes while he was engaged in this great work. By his singular wisdom, candor, and straightforward business course, when eleven o'clock on the night of December 31, 1883, came, the treasurer of the College had in hand, actually secured, an endowment of \$100,000. Since that time the endowment has reached the sum of \$209,459.10. The real estate, equipment and buildings of the College are estimated to be worth at least \$100,000. A movement will soon be inaugurated to add largely to both endowment and equipment.

The first class was graduated in 1839. There have been in all 845 full graduates. These have been distributed among almost all professions and callings. More than fifty have been editors of influential papers. A still larger number have been presidents of or professors in colleges. They have filled important pastorates in thirty States. A constantly increasing number have achieved success in law and politics. In New York and Philadelphia, as well as in North Carolina, a number have made enviable reputations as surgeons and physicians. Several score have had and are having prosperous careers as bankers and merchants.







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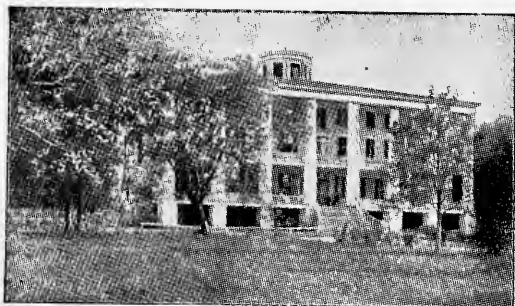
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Overdrafts	3,081 14
Bonds Owned.....	30,605 06
Banking house and furniture.....	18,702 48
Other real estate owned.....	13,298 31
Demand loans on cotton.....	\$ 113,675 42
Cash due from banks.....	167,600 73
Currency, gold and silver.....	75,000 88
	<hr/> 357,257 03
Total resources.....	\$ 821,418 23

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in Sept. 30, 1901	\$ 100,000 00
Surplus and profits earned	57,197 83
DEPOSITS	
Individual deposits	\$ 629,571 92
Bank deposits	25,388 22
Cashier's Checks	1,875 20
Certified Checks	412 00
	<hr/> 697,250 40
Total liabilities	\$ 821,418 23

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